

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS,

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

By NATHANIEL LEE.

AS PERFORMED FIRST IN 1681.

The Lines distinguished by double inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

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1796.



TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER, &c.

MY LORD,

WITH an assurance, I hope, becoming the justice of my cause, I lay this tragedy at your lordship's feet, not as a common persecution, but as an offering suitable to your virtue, and worthy of the greatness of your name. There are some subjects that require but half the strength of a great Poet; but when Greece or Old Rome come in play, the nature, wit, and vigour of foremost Shakspeare, the judgment and force of Jonson, with all his borrowed mastery from the ancients, will scarce suffice for so terrible a grapple. The poet must elevate his fancy with the mightiest imagination, he must run back so many hundred years, take a just prospect of the spirit of those times without the least thought of ours; for if his eye should swerve so low, his muse will grow giddy with the vastness of the distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the majesty of the first design. He that will pretend to be a critic of such a work must not have a grain of Cecilius, he must be Longinus throughout, or nothing, where even the nicest, best remarks must pass but for allay to the imperial fury of this Old Roman gold. There must be no dross through the whole mass, the furnace must be justly heated, and the bullion stamped with an unerring hand. In such a writing there must be greatness of thought without bombast, remoteness without monstrousness; virtue armed with severity, not in iron bodies; solid wit without modern affectation; smoothness without gloss; speaking out without cracking the voice, or straining the lungs. In short, my lord, he that will write as he ought on so noble an occasion, must write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after so great an original as your lordship, because there is scarce one genius extant of your own size that can follow you passibus æquis; that has

the felicity and mastery of the old poets, or can half match the thoughtfulness of your soul. How far short I am cast of such inimitable excellence, I must with shame, my lord, confess I am too sensible. Nature, 'tis believed (if I am not flattered; and do not flatter myself) has not been niggardly to me in the portion of a genius, though I have been so far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have lost of the principle. It behoves me then for the future to look about me, to see whether I am a lag in the race, to look up to your lordship, and strain upon the track of so fair a glory. I must acknowledge, however I have behaved myself in drawing, nothing ever presented itself to my fancy with that solid pleasure as Brutus did in sacrificing his sons. Before I read Machiavel's notes upon the place, I concluded it the greatest action that was ever seen throughout all ages on the greatest occasion. For my own endeavour, I thought I never painted any man so to the life before.

Vis & Tarquinius reges animamque superbam
 Ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos?
 Infelix utcunque ferent ea facta minores?

No doubt that divine poet imagined it might be too great for any people but his own, perhaps I have found it so; but Jonson's Catiline met no better fate, as his motto from Horace tells us:

—————His non plebecula gaudet, &c.

Nay, Shakspeare's Brutus with much ado beat himself into the heads of a blockish age, so knotty were the oaks he had to deal with. For my own opinion, in spite of all the obstacles my modesty could raise, I could not help inserting a vaunt in the title page, Cæloque, &c.

And having gain'd the list that he design'd,
 Bold as the billows driving with the wind,
 He loos'd the muse that wing'd his free-born mind.

On this I armed, and resolved not to be stirred with the little exceptions of a sparkish generation, that have an antipathy to thought: but, alas, how frail are our best resolves in our own concerns! I showed no passion outward; but whether through an over-conceit of the work, or because, perhaps, there was, indeed, some merit, the fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb play, like a father for his dead child. It is enough that I have eas'd my heart by this dedication to your Lordship. I comfort myself too, whatever our partial youth allege, your Lordship will find something in it worth your observation; which, with my future diligence, resolution to study, devotion to virtue, and your Lordship's service, may render me not altogether unworthy the protection of your Lordship.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And devoted servant,

NATHANIEL LEE.

LIFE OF NATHANIEL LEE.

NATHANIEL LEE, a very eminent dramatic poet of the last century, was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield, who gave him a liberal education. He received his first rudiments of learning at Westminster-school, from whence he went to Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a scholar on the foundation in 1668. He commenced B. A. the same year, but, not succeeding to a fellowship, he tried to push his fortune at court. He was not long, however, in this pursuit; for, meeting with no substantial favours, he determined to try his talents on the stage; and accordingly, in the year 1672, made his appearance at the Duke's Theatre in the character of *Duncan* in *Macbeth*. Cibber says, that our author was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, "Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it!" And yet, (continues the laureat) this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there. In 1675 his first play appeared; and he wrote nine plays, besides two in which he joined with Dryden, between that period and the year 1684, on the 11th of November, on which he was taken into Bedlam, where he continued four years. All his tragedies contain a very great portion of true poetic enthusiasm. None ever felt the passion of love more truly; nor could any one describe it with more tenderness. Addison commends his genius highly; observing that none of our English poets had a happier turn for tragedy, although his natural fire and unbridled impetuosity hurried him beyond all bounds of proba-

bility, and sometimes were quite out of nature. The truth is, the poet's imagination ran away with his reason. While in Bedlam, he made that famous witty reply to a coxcomb scribbler, who had the cruelty to jeer him with his misfortune, by observing that it was an easy thing to write like a madman: *No*, said Lee, *it is not an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool!*

Lee had the good fortune to recover the use of his reason, so far as to be discharged from his melancholy confinement; but he did not long survive his enlargement, dying in the year 1691, or 1692. Oldys, in his MS. notes, says that our author, returning one night from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare-market, to his lodging, in Duke-street, overladen with wine, fell down on the ground as some say, according to others on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

His dramatic pieces are:

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* T. 4to. 1675.
2. *Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow.* T. 4to. 1676.
3. *Gloriana; or, The Court of Augustus.* T. 4to. 1676.
4. *The Rival Queens; or, Alexander the Great.* T. 4to. 1677.
5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* T. 4to. 1678.
6. *Theodosius; or, The Force of Love.* T. 4to. 1680.
7. *Cæsar Borgia.* T. 4to. 1680.

8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* T. 4to. 1681. This is a very fine play, being full of great manly spirit, force, and vigour, with less of the bombast than frequently runs through this author's works. The plot of it is partly from the real Histories of *Florus*, *Livy*, *Dionys. Halic.* &c. and partly from the fictions in the Romance of *Clelia*. The scene between *Vindicius* and the elder *Brutus* seems to bear a great resemblance to that between *Hamlet* and *Polonius*. The scene lies in Rome.

9. *Constantine the Great.* T. 4to. 1684.
10. *The Princess of Cleve.* T. 4to. 1689.
11. *The Massacre of Paris.* T. 4to. 1690.

Besides the above tragedies, Lee was concerned with Dryden

in writing the *Duke of Guise*, 1683, and that other excellent tragedy, entitled *Oedipus*, 1679. His *Theodosius* and *Alexander the Great* are stock-plays, and to this day are often acted with great applause. Mr. Barry was particularly fortunate in the character of the Macedonian Hero.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. DUKE.

*LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics rage ;
But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees, united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buzz is greater than it was before.
But Oh ! ye leading voters of the pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house,
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,
And more indulgent to a trembling muse ;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women shall rule the boxes and the pit,
Give laws to love, and influence to wit.
Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
Even business, that intolerable load,
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage, wou'd they please ;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs :
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil ;*

*But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found;
And 'tis but just they shou'd our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching, trade.
As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith, let them make an antisalic law,
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.*

Dramatic Personae.

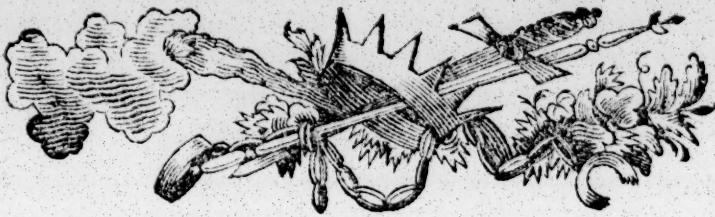
Men.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, ...	Mr. Betterton.
TITUS, ...	Mr. Smith.
TIBERIUS, ...	Mr. Williams.
COLLATINUS, ...	Mr. Wiltshire.
VALERIUS, ...	Mr. Gillow.
HORATIUS, ...	Mr. Norris.
AQUILIUS,	
VITELLIUS,	
JUNIUS,	
FECILIAN PRIESTS, ...	Mr. Percival, Mr. Freeman.
VINDICIUS, ...	Mr. Nokes.
FABRICIUS, ...	Mr. Jeron.
CITIZENS, &c.	

Women.

SEMPRONIA, ...	Lady Slingsby.
LUCRETIA, ...	Mrs. Betterton.
TERAMINTA, ...	Mrs. Barrey.

Scene, *Rome.*



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter TITUS *and* TERAMINTA.

Titus.

O TERAMINTA, why this face of tears?
Since first I saw thee, till this happy day,
Thus hast thou pass'd thy melancholy hours,
Ev'n in the court retir'd; stretch'd on a bed,
In some dark room, with all the curtains drawn;
Or in some garden, o'er a flow'ry bank,
Melting thy sorrows in the murmuring stream;
Or in some pathless wilderness a musing,
Plucking the mossy bark of some old tree,
Or poring, like a Sybil, on the leaves.
What, now the priest should join us! Oh, ye Gods!
What can you proffer me in vast exchange
For this ensuing night? Not all the days
Of crowning Kings, of conquering Generals,
Not all the expectation of hereafter,
With what bright fame can give in t'other world,
Should purchase thee this night one minute from me.

Ter. Oh, Titus! if since first I saw the light,
Since I began to think on my misfortunes,
And take a prospect of my certain woes,

If my sad soul has entertained a hope
Of pleasure here, or harbour'd any joy
But what the presence of my Titus gave me;
Add, add, ye cruel Gods, to what I bear,
And break my heart before him.

Tit. Break first th' eternal chain: for when thou'rt gone
The world to me is chaos. Yes, Teraminta,
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
Whene'er we part, the strings of both must crack:
Once more I do intreat thee give the grave
Thy sadness; let me press thee in my arms,
My fairest bride, my only lightness here,
Tune of my heart, and charmer of my eyes!
"Nay, thou shalt learn the ecstasy from me,
"I'll make thee smile with extravagant passion,
"Drive thy pale fears away, and ere the morn,
"I swear, O Teraminta! O my love!
"Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into blushes."

Ter. O, Titus! may I, ought I to believe you?
Remember, Sir, I am the blood of Tarquin;
The basest too.

Titus. Thou art the blood of Heav'n,
The kindest influence of the teeming stars;
No seed of Tarquin; no, 'tis forg'd t'abuse thee:
A God thy father was, a Goddess was his wife;
The wood-nymphs found thee on a bed of roses,
Lapt in the sweets and beauties of the Spring;
Diana foster'd thee with nectar dews;
Thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave thee me
To build a temple sacred to her name;
Which I will do, and wed thee there again.

Ter. Swear then, my Titus, swear you'll ne'er upbraid me,
Swear that your love shall last like mine for ever;

No turn of state or empire, no misfortune,
 Shall e'er estrange you from me : Swear, I say ;
 That, if you should prove false, I may at least
 Have something still to answer to my fate :
 Swear, swear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
 But to your death still cherish in your bosom
 The poor, the fond, the wretched Teraminta.

Titus. Till death ! nay, after death, if possible.
 Dissolve me still with questions of this nature,
 While I return my answer all in oaths :
 More than thou can'st demand I swear to do.
 " This night, this night shall tell thee how I love thee :
 " When words are at a loss, and the mute soul
 " Pours out herself in sighs and gasping joys,
 " Life-grasps, the pangs of bliss, and murmuring pleasures :
 " Thou shalt confess all language then is vile,
 " And yet believe me most without my vowing."

Enter BRUTUS, with a Flamen.

But see, my father with a Flamen here !
 The Court comes on ; let's slip the busy crowd,
 And steal into the eternal knot of love. *[Exeunt.]*

Brutus. Did Sextus, say'st thou, lie at Collatia,
 At Collatin's house, last night ?

Fla. My Lord, he did :
 Where he, with Collatine, and many others,
 Had been some nights before.

Brutus. Ha ! if before,
 Why did he come again ?

Fla. Because, as rumour spreads,
 He fell most passionately in love with her.

Brutus. What then ?

Fla. Why, is't not strange ?

Brutus. Is she not handsome?

Fla. O very handsome.

Brutus. Then 'tis not strange at all.

What, for a King's son to love another man's wife!
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the same.
Faith, I myself, who am not us'd to caper,
Have sometimes had th' unlawful itch upon me:
Nay, pr'ythee, Priest, come thou and help the number.
Ha! my old boy; the company is not scandalous;
Let's go to hell together; confess the truth,
Did'st thou ne'er steal from the Gods an hour, or so,
To mumble a new prayer——

“With a young fleshy whore in a bawdy corner? ha!”

Fla. My Lord, your servant. Is this the fool? The madman?

Let him be what he will, he spoke the truth:

If other fools be thus, they're dangerous fellows. [*Exit.*]

Brutus. [*Solus.*] Occasion seems in view; something there is

In Tarquin's last abode at Collatine's:

Late entertain'd, and early gone this morning!

The matron ruffled, wet, and dropping tears,
As if she had lost her wealth in some black storm!

As in the body, on some great surprize,
The heart still calls from the discolour'd face,
From every part, the life and spirits down:

So Lucrece comes to Rome, and summons all her blood.

Lucrece is fair; but chaste, as the fann'd snow

Twice bolted o'er by the black northern blasts:

So lies this starry cold and frozen beauty,

Still watch'd and guarded by her waking virtue,

A pattern, though, I fear, inimitable,

For all succeeding wives. O Brutus! Brutus!

When will the tedious Gods permit my soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizor of thy madness from thee?
Oh, what but infinite spirit, propt by Fate,
For empire's weight to turn on, could endure,
As thou hast done, the labours of an age,
All follies, scoffs, reproaches, pities, scorns,
Indignities almost to blows sustain'd,
For twenty pressing years, and by a Roman?
To act deformity in thousand shapes,
To please the greater monster of the two,
That cries, "Bring forth the beast, and let him tumble;"
With all variety of aping madness,
To bray, and bear more than the ass's burden;
Sometimes to whoot and scream, like midnight owls,
Then screw my limbs like a distorted satyr,
The world's grimace, th'eternal laughing-stock
Of town and court, the block, the jest of Rome;
Yet all the while not to my dearest friend,
To my own children, nor my bosom wife,
Disclose the weighty secret of my soul.
O Rome, O mother, be thou th' impartial judge
If this be virtue, which yet wants a name,
Which never any age could parallel,
And worthy of the foremost of thy sons!

Enter HORATIUS and MUTIUS.

Mut. Horatius, heard'st thou where Sextus was last night?

Hor. Yes, at Collatia; 'tis the buz of Rome;
'Tis more than guess'd that there has been foul play:
Else, why should Lucrece come in this sad manner
To old Lucretius' house, and summon thither
Her father, husband, each distinct relation?

Enter FABRICIUS, with Courtiers.

Mut. Scatter it through the city, raise the people,
And find Valerius out: 'Way, Horatius! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Fab. Pr'ythee, let's talk no more on't. Look, here's
Lord Brutus: Come, come, we'll divert ourselves; for 'tis
but just, that we who sit at the helm should now and then
unruffle our state affairs with the impertinence of a fool.
Pr'ythee, Brutus, what's o'clock?

Brut. *Clotbo, Lachesis, Atropos*; the Fates are three: let
them but strike, and I'll lead you a dance, my masters.

Fab. But hark you, Brutus, dost thou hear the news of
Lucrece?

Brut. Yes, yes; and I heard of the wager that was laid
among you, among you whoring Lords at the siege of Ar-
dea; ha, boys! about your handsome wives.

Fab. Well; and how, and how?

Brut. How you bounce'd from the board, took horse, and
rode like madmen, to find the gentle Lucrece at Collatia;
But how found her? Why, working with her maids at mid-
night. Was not this monstrous, and quite out of the fa-
shion? Fine stuff, indeed, to sit weaving, and pinking, and
pricking of arras? "Now, by this light, my Lord, your
wife made better use of her pincushion.

"*Fab.* My wife, my Lord? By Mars, my wife!

Brut. "Why should she not, when all the royal nurses do
"the same?" What? What, my Lord, did you not find 'em at
it, when you came from Collatia to Rome? Lartius, your
wife; and your's, Flaminius; with Tullia's boys, turning
the crystals up, dashing the windows, and the fates defying?
Now, by the Gods, I think 'twas civil in you, discreetly
done, Sirs, not to interrupt 'em. But for your wife, Fa-
bricius, I'll be sworn for her, she would not keep 'em com-
pany.

Fab. No marry, would she not; she hates debauchees. How have I heard her rail at Terentia, and tell her next her heart upon the qualms, that drinking wine so late, and tippling spirits, would be the death of her!

Brut. Hark you, gentlemen, if you would but be secret now, I could unfold such a business; my life on't, a very plot upon the court.

Fab. Out with it; we swear secrecy.

Brut. Why thus, then. To-morrow Tullia goes to the camp; and I, being master of the household, have command to sweep the court of all its furniture, and send it packing to the wars: pandars, sycophants, upstart rogues, fine knaves, and surly rascals; flatterers, easy, supple, cringing passing, smiling villains; all, all to the wars.

Fab. By Mars, I do not like this plot.

Brut. Why, is it not a plot? A plot upon yourselves, your persons, families, and your relations; even to your wives, mothers, sisters, all your kindred: for whores, too, are included, setters too, and whore-procurers; bag and baggage; all, all to the wars. All hence, all rubbish, lumber, out; and not a bawd be left behind, to put you in hopes of hatching whores hereafter.

Fab. Hark, Lartius, he'll run from fooling to direct madness, and beat our brains out. The devil take the hindmost. Your servant, sweet Brutus, noble, honourable Brutus.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TITUS.

Titus. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auspicious Heav'n has join'd us,

And I this night shall hold her in my arms.

Oh, Sir!

Brut. Oh, Sir! that exclamation was too high:

Such raptures ill become the troubled times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my Titus,
Renounce your Teraminta.

Titus. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my boy?

Titus. Your counsel comes too late, Sir

Brut. Your reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and saucy, Sir.

Titus. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my knowledge?

Titus. My Lord, I ask your pardon; but that Hymen——

Brut. Thou ly'st; that honourable God would scorn it.
Some bawdy Flamen shuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you, while the Bacchanals
Sung your detested Epithalamium.
Which of thy blood were the curs'd witnesses?
Who would be there at such polluted rites
But goats, baboons, some chatt'ring old Silenus,
Or Satyrs, "grinning at your slimy joys?"

Titus. Oh, all the Gods! my Lord, your son is marry'd
To Tarquin's———

Brut. Bastard.

Titus. No, his daughter.

Brut. No matter:

To any of his blood: if it be his,
There is such natural contagion in it,
Such a congenial devil in his spirit,
Name, lineage, stock, that but to own a part
Of his relation, is to profess thyself
Sworn slave of hell, and bondman to the furies!
Thou art not marry'd.

Titus. O, is this possible?
This change that I beheld? No part of him

The same ; nor eyes, nor mien, nor voice, nor gesture !

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my arm the vigour
To shake this soft, effeminate, lazy soul
Forth from thy bosom. No, degenerate boy !
Brutus is not the same ; the Gods have wak'd him
From dead stupidity, to be a scourge,
A living torment to thy disobedience.
Look on my face, view my eyes flame, and tell me
If eught thou seest but glory and revenge,
A blood-shot anger, and a burst of fury,
When I but think of Tarquin. Damn the monster !
Fetch him, you judges of th' eternal deep,
Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double fires !
If after this thou seest a tenderness,
A woman's tear come o'er my resolution,
Think, Titus, think, my son, 'tis Nature's fault,
Not Roman Brutus, but a father now.

Titus. Oh, let me fall low as the earth permits me,
And thank the Gods for this most happy change,
That you are now, although to my confusion,
That awful, godlike, and commanding Brutus,
Which I so oft have wish'd you, which sometimes
I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,
When I have taken unawares your soul
At a broad glance, and forc'd her to retire !
Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new threats,
New marks of anger to compleat my ruin,
Your Titus has enough to break his heart,
When he remembers that you durst not trust him :
Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thousand frailties ;
The mould you cast me in, the breath, the blood,
And spirit which you gave me, are unlike
The godlike author ; yet you gave 'em, Sir ;

And sure, if you had pleas'd to honour me,
T' immortalize my name to after ages,
By imparting your high cares, I should have found
At least so much hereditary virtue
As not to have divulg'd them.

Brut. Rise, my son;
Be satisfy'd thou art the first that know'st me:
A thousand accidents and fated causes,
Rush against every bulwark I can raise,
And halfunhinge my soul. For now's the time,
To shake the building of the tyrant down.
As from Night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars:
So from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter.
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lanthorn
That lights my genius down to the foundation:
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must, ere night, purge all the Roman air;
And then the thunder of his ruin follows.
No more; but haste thee to Lucretius:
I hear the multitude, and must among them.
Away, my son.

Tit. Bound, and obedient ever.

[*Exit.*

Enter VINDICIUS, with Plebeians.

1. *Cit.* Jupiter defend us! I think the firmament is all on
a light fire. Now, neighbour, as you were saying, as to
the cause of lightning and thunder, and for the nature of
prodigies.

Vin. What! a taylor, and talk of lightning and thunder? Why, thou walking shred, thou moving bottom, thou upright needle, thou shaving edging skirt, thou flip-flap of a man, thou vaulting flea, thou nit, thou nothing, dost thou talk of prodigies when I am by? *O tempora! O mores!* But, neighbours, as I was saying, what think you of Valerius?

All. Valerius, Valerius!

Vin. I know you are piping hot for sedition; you all gape for rebellion: But what's the near? For look you, Sirs, we the people in the body politic are but the guts of government; therefore we may rumble and grumble, and croak our hearts out, if we have never a head: why, how shall we be nourish'd? Therefore I say, let us get us a head, a head my masters.

Brut. Protect me, Jove, and guard me from the phantom! Can this so horrid apparition be?
Or is it but the making of my fancy?

Vin. Ha, Brutus! What, where is this apparition?

i. Cit. This is the Tribune of the Celeres;
A notable head-piece, and the King's jester.

Brut. By Jove, a prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry:
I know they are, they told me so themselves;
For look you, neighbours, I for my own part
Have seen to-day fourscore and nineteen prodigies and a
half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. O most horrible!
Look, Vindicius, yonder, o'er that part
O' th' Capitol; just, just there, man, yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord?

Brut. I always took thee for a quick-sighted fellow:
What, art thou blind? Why, yonder, all o' fire;
It vomits lightning; 'tis a monstrous dragon.

Vin. O, see it : O Jupiter and Juno ! By the Gods I see it.
O neighbours, look, look, look, on his filthy nostrils !
'T has eyes like flaming saucers ; and a belly
Like a burning caldron, with such a swinging tail ;
“ And O, a thing, a thing that's all o'fire ! ”

Brut. Ha ! now it fronts us with a head that's mark'd
With Tarquin's name : and see, 'tis thunder-struck !
Look yonder, now it whizzes through the air !
The Gods have struck it down ; 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd.
O ! neighbours, what, what should this portent mean ?

Vin. Mean ! why, 'tis plain ; did we not see the mark
Upon the beast ? Tarquin's the dragon, neighbours,
Tarquin's the dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A dragon, a Tarquin.

1. *Cit.* Mercy : for my part I saw nothing.

Vin. How, rogue ? Why, this is prodigy on prodigy !
Down with him, knock him down ; what, not see the
dragon ?

1. *Cit.* Mercy ; I did, I did ; a huge monstrous dragon.

Brut. So ; not a word of this, my masters, not for your
lives :

Meet me anon at the forum ; but not a word.
Vindicius, tell 'em the Tribune of the Celeres
Intends this night to give them an oration.

[*Exit Vindicius and Rabble.*

Enter LUCRECE, VALERIUS, LUCRETIVS, MUTIVS,
HERMINIVS, HORATIVS, TITVS, TIBERIVS, and
COLLATIVS.

Brut. Ha ! in the open air ? So near, you Gods ?
So ripe your judgments ? Nay, then let 'em break,
And burst the hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucrece. O Collatine ! Art thou come ?
Alas, my husband ! O my love ! my Lord !

Coll. O Lucrece! See, I have obey'd thy summons:
I have thee in my arms; but speak, my fair—
Say, is all well?

Lucrece. Away, and do not touch me!
Stand near, but touch me not. My father too!
Lucretius, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.
Haste, and relate thy lamentable story.

Lucrece. If there be Gods, O, will they not revenge me!
Draw near, my Lord; for sure you have a share
In these strange woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
Why did you bring that monster of mankind,
The other night, to curse Collatia's walls?
Why did you blast me with that horrid visage,
And blot my honour with the blood of Tarquin?

Coll. O all the Gods!

Lucrece. Alas, they are far off;
Or sure they would have help'd the wretched Lucrece!
Hear then, and tell it to the wond'ring world.
Last night the lustful, bloody Sextus came
Late, and benighted, to Collatia,
Intending, as he said, for Rome next morning;
But in the dead of night, just when soft sleep
Had seal'd my eyes, and quite becalm'd my soul,
Methought a horrid voice thus thunder'd in my ear:
'Lucrece, thou'rt mine, arise, and meet my arms.'
When straight I wak'd, and found young Tarquin by me,
"His robe unbutton'd," red and sparkling eyes,
The flushing blood that mounted in his face,
The trembling eagerness that quite devour'd him,
With only one grim slave that held a taper,
At that dread stillness of the murd'ring night,
Sufficiently declar'd his horrid purpose.

Coll. O, Lucrece, O!

Lucrece. How is it possible to speak the passion,
The fright, the throes, and labour of my soul?
Ah, Collatine! half dead I turn'd away
To hide my shame, my anger, and my blushes,
While he at first with a dissembled mildness
Attempted on my honour;—
But hastily repuls'd, and with disdain,
He drew his sword, and locking his left hand
Fast in my hair, he held it to my breast,
Protesting by the Gods, the Fiends and Furies,
If I refus'd him he would give me death,
And swear he found me with that swarthy slave,
Whom he would leave there murder'd by my side.

Brut. Villain! damn'd villain!

Lucrece. Ah Collatine! Oh father! Junius Brutus!
All that are kin to this dishonour'd blood,
How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive me?
Yet think not, Collatine, with my last tears,
With these last sighs, these dying groans, I beg you,
I do conjure my love, my lord, my husband!
Oh think me not consenting once in thought,
Tho' he in act possess'd his furious pleasure:
For, oh the name! the name of an adultress!
But here I faint! Oh help me:
Imagine me, my lord, but what I was,
And what I shortly shall be—cold and dead.

Coll. Oh ye avenging Gods! Lucrece! my love!
I swear I do not think thy soul consenting;
And therefore I forgive thee.

Lucrece. Ah, my lord!
Were I to live, how should I answer this?
All that I ask you now is to revenge me;

Revenge me, father, husband! oh revenge me!
Revenge me, Brutus! you his sons revenge me!
Herminius, Mutius, thou Horatius too;
And thou Valerius; all, revenge me all!
Revenge the honour of the ravish'd Lucrece!

All. We will revenge thee.

Lucrece. I thank you all; I thank you, noble Romans:
And that my life, tho' well I know you wish it,
May not hereafter ever give example
To any that, like me, shall be dishonour'd,
To live beneath so loath'd an infamy,
Thus I for ever lose it, thus set free
My soul, my life and honour altogether:
Revenge me; oh revenge, revenge, revenge! [Dies.]

Luc. Struck to the heart—already motionless!

Coll. O give me way, to embalm her with my tears;
For who has that propriety of sorrow?
Who dares to claim an equal share with me?

Brut. That, Sir, dare I, and every Roman here.
What now? At your laments? Your puling sighs?
And woman's drops? Shall these quit scores for blood?
For chastity, for Rome, and violated honour?
Now, by the Gods, my soul disdains your tears.
There's not a common harlot in the shambles
But for a drachm should outweep you all.
Advance the body nearer: see, my lords,
Behold, you dazled Romans, from the wound
Of this dead beauty, thus I draw the dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood:
Thus to my lips I put the hallow'd blade;
To your's, Lucretius; Collatinus, your's;
To your's, Herminius, Mutius, and Horatius;
And your's, Valerius: kiss the poniard round:

Now join your hands with mine, and swear, swear all,
By this chaste blood, chaste ere the royal villain
Mixt his foul spirits with the spotless mass:
Swear, and let the Gods be witnesses,
That you with me will drive proud Tarquin out,
His wife, th' imperial fury, and her sons,
With all the race; drive 'em with sword and fire
To the world's limits, profligate accurst:
Swear from this time never to suffer them,
Nor any other King, to reign in Rome.

All. We swear.

Brut. Well have you sworn; and oh, methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the ravish'd matron
Look down! she bows her airy head to bless you,
And crown the auspicious sacrament with smiles.
Thus, with her body high expos'd to view,
March to the Forum with this pomp of death.
Oh Lucrece! oh!

When to the clouds thy pile of fame is rais'd,
While Rome is free thy memory shall be prais'd:
Senate and people, wives and virgins all,
Shall once a year before thy statue fall;
Cursing the Tarquins, they thy fate shall mourn:
But, when the thoughts of liberty return,
Shall bless the happy hour when thou wert born. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Forum. Enter TIBERIUS, FABRICIUS, LARTIUS,
and FLAMINIUS.*

Tiberius.

FABRICIUS, Lartius, and Flaminius,
As you are Romans, and oblig'd by Tarquin,
I dare confide in you; I say again,
Though I could not refuse the oath he gave us,
I disapprove my father's undertaking:
I'm loyal to the last, and so will stand.
I am in haste, and must to Tullia.

Fab. Leave me, my lord, to deal with the multitude.

Tib. Remember this in shotr: A King is one
To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd;
The throne lies open in your way for justice:
You may be angry, and may be forgiven.
There's room for favour, and for benefit,
Where friends and enemies may come together,
Have present hearing, present composition,
Without recourse to the litigious laws;
Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
That cast the vile and noble altogether;
Where, if you should exceed the bounds of order,
There is no pardon! O! 'tis dangerous,
To have all actions judg'd by rigorous law.
What, to depend on innocence alone,
Among so many accidents and errors
That wait on human life? Consider it;
Stand fast, be loyal, I must to the Queen.

[Exit.]

Fab. A pretty speech, by Mercury! Look you, Lartius, when the words lie like a low wrestler, round, close and short, squat, pat and pithy.

Lar. But what should we do here, Fabricius? The multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, Lartius, the multitude is a mad thing—a strange blunder-headed monster, and very unruly; but eloquence is such a thing, a fine, moving, florid, pathetical speech! But see, the Hydra comes: let me alone; fear not, I say, fear not.

Enter VINDICIUS, with Plebeians.

Vind. Come, neighbours, rank yourselves, plant yourselves, set yourselves in order, the Gods are very angry, I'll say that for 'em: pough, pough, I begin to sweat already; and they'll find us work enough to day, I'll tell you that. And to say the truth, I never lik'd Tarquin, before I saw the mark in his forehead: for look you, Sirs, I am a true Commonwealthsman, and do not naturally love Kings, tho' they be good; for why should any one man have more power than the people? Is he bigger, or wiser than the people? Has he more guts or more brains than the people? What can he do for the people, that the people can't do for themselves? Can he make corn grow in a famine? Can he give us rain in drought? Or make our pots boil, tho' the devil piss in the fire?

i. Cit. For my part, I hate all courtiers; and I think I have reason for't.

Vin. Thou reason! Well, taylor, and what's thy reason?

i. Cit. Why, Sir, there was a crew of 'em t'other night got drunk, broke my windows, and handled my wife.

Vin. How, neighbours? Nay, now the fellow has reason, look you. His wife handled! Why, this is a matter of moment.

2. *Cit.* Nay, I know there were some of the princes, for I heard Sextus's name.

Vin. Ay, ay, the King's sons, my life for't; some of the King's sons. Well, these roaring lords never do any good among us citizens: they are ever breaking the peace, running in our debts, and swinging our wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed monster, You bulls and bears, you roaring beasts and bandogs, Porters and cobblers, tinkers, taylor, "all
" You rascally sons of whores in a civil government," How long, I say, dare you abuse our patience? Does not the thought of rods and axes fright you? Does not our presence, ha, these eyes, these faces Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? A very spit-fire; "the crack-fart of the court." Hold, let me see him nearer: yes, neighbours, this is one of 'em, one of your roaring 'squires, that poke us in the night, beat the watch, and deflower our wives. I know him, neighbours, for all his bouncing and his swearing; this is a court-pimp, a bawd, one of Tarquin's bawds.

Fab. Peace, thou obstreperous rascal; I am a man of honour, one of the Equestrian order, my name Fabricius.

Vin. Fabricius! Your servant Fabricius. Down with him, neighbours; an upstart rogue; this is he that was the Queen's coachman, and drove the chariot over her father's body. Down with him, down with 'em all, bawds, pimps, panders.

Fab. O mercy, mercy, mercy!

Vin. Hold, neighbours, hold; as we are great, let us be just. You, sirrah; you of the Equestrian order, knight?—Now, by Jove, he has the look of a pimp; I find we can't save him. Rise, Sir Knight, and tell me before the Majesty

of the People, what have you to say, that you should not have your neck broke down the Tarpeian rock, your body burnt, and your ashes thrown in the Tiber?

Fab. Oh! oh! oh!

Vin. A courtier! a sheep-biter! Leave off your blubbering, and confess.

Fab. Oh! I will confess, I will confess.

Vin. Answer me then. Was not you once the Queen's coachman?

Fab. I was, I was.

Vin. Did you not drive her chariot over the body of her father, the dead King Tullus?

Fab. I did, I did; though it went against my conscience.

Vin. So much the worse. Have you not since abused the good people, by seducing the citizens wives to court for the King's sons? Have you not, by your bawd's tricks been the occasion of their making assault on the bodies of many a virtuous disposed gentlewoman?

Fab. I have, I have.

Vin. Have you not wickedly held the door, while the daughters of the wise citizens have had their vessels broken up?

Fab. Oh, I confess many a time and often."

Vin. For all which services to your princes, and so highly deserving of the Commonwealth, you have received the honour of knighthood?

Fab. Mercy, mercy, I confess it all.

Vin. Hitherto I have help'd you to spell, now pray put together for yourself, and confess the whole matter in three words.

Fab. I was at first the son of a carman, came to the honour of being Tullia's coachman, have been a pimp, and remain a knight at the mercy o' the people.

Vin. Well, I am mov'd, my bowels are stirr'd; take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd: away with 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh mercy! help, help!

Vin. Hang 'em, rogues, pimps, hang 'em, I say. Why, look you, neighbours, this is law, right, and justice: this is the People's law, and I think that's better than the arbitrary power of Kings. Why, here was a trial, condemnation, and execution, without more ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look, look, the Tribune of the Celeres! Bring forth the pulpit, the pulpit.

[Trumpets sound a Dead March.]

Enter BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HERMINIUS, MUTIUS, HORATIUS, LUCRETIUS, COLLATINUS, TIBERIUS, *and* TITUS, *with the body of* LUCRECE.

Val. I charge you fathers, nobles, Romans, friends, Magistrates, all you people, hear Valerius. This day, O Romans, is a day of wonders, The villainies of Tarquin are compleat: To lay whose vices open to your view, To give you reasons for his banishment, With the expulsion of his wicked race, The Gods have chosen Lucius Junius Brutus, The stupid, senseless, and illiterate Brutus, Their orator in this prodigious cause: Let him ascend, and silence be proclaim'd.

Vin. A Brutus, a Brutus, a Brutus! Silence there; Silence, I say; silence on pain of death.

Brut. Patricians, people, friends, and Romans all, Had not th' inspiring Gods by wonder brought me From clouded sense to this full day of reason, Whence, with a prophet's prospect, I behold

The state of Rome, and danger of the world ;
Yet, in a cause like this, methinks the weak,
Enervate, stupid Brutus might suffice.
O the eternal Gods Bring but the statues
Of Romulus and Numa, plant 'em here
On either hand of this cold Roman wife,
Only to stand and point that public wound ;
O Romans, oh, what use would be of tongues ?
What orator need speak while they were by ?
Would not the majesty of those dumb forms
Inspire your souls, and arm you for the cause ?
Would you not curse the author of the murder,
And drive him from the earth with sword and fire ?
But where, methinks I hear the people shout,
I hear the cry of Rome, where is the monster ?
Bring Tarquin forth, bring the destroyer out,
By whose curst offspring, lustful bloody Sextus,
This perfect mould of Roman chastity,
This star of spotless and immortal fame,
This pattern for all wives, the Roman Lucrece,
Was foully brought to a disastrous end.

Vin. O, neighbours, oh ! I-bury'd seven wives without
crying,

Nay, I never wept before in all my life.

Brut. O the immortal Gods, and thou great stayer
Of falling Rome, if to his own relations,
(For Collatinus is a Tarquin too,)
If wrongs so great to them, to his own blood,
What then to us, the Nobles and the Commons ?
Not to remember you of his past crimes,
The black ambition of his furious Queen,
Who drove her chariot through the Cyprian street,
On such a damn'd design, as might have turn'd

The steeds of day, and shock'd the starting Gods,
 Blest as they are, with an uneasy moment.
 Add yet to this, oh! add the horrid slaughter
 Of all the Princes of the Roman Senate,
 Invading fundamental right and justice,
 Breaking the antient customs, statutes, laws,
 With positive pow'r, and arbitrary lust:
 And those affairs which were before dispatch'd
 In public by the Fathers, now are forc'd
 To his own palace, there to be determin'd
 As he and his portentous council please.
 But then for you.

Vin. Ay, for the people, come,
 And then, my mirmydons, to pot with him.

Brut. I say, if thus the nobles have been wrong'd,
 What tongue can speak the grievance of the people?

Vin. Alas, poor people!

Brut. You that were once a free-born people, fam'd
 In his forefather's days for wars abroad,
 The conquerors of the world; oh Rome! oh Glory!
 What are you now? What has the tyrant made you?
 The slaves, the beasts, the asses of the earth,
 The soldiers of the Gods mechanic labourers,
 Drawers of water, taskers, timber-fellers,
 Yok'd you like bulls, his very jades for luggage,
 Drove you with scourges down to dig in quarries,
 To cleanse his sinks, the scavengers o' th' court,
 While his lewd sons, tho' not on work so hard,
 Employ'd your daughters and your wives at home.

Vin. Yes, marry did they.

Brut. O all the Gods! What, are you Romans? Ha!
 If this be true, why have you been so backward?
 Oh sluggish souls! Oh fall of former glory!

That would not rouse unless a woman wak'd you !
 Behold she comes, and calls you to revenge her ;
 Her spirit hovers in the air, and cries,
 ' To arms, to arms ; drive, drive the Tarquins out !'
 Behold this dagger, taken from her wound,
 She bids you fix this trophy on your standard,
 This poniard which she stabb'd into her heart,
 And bear her body in your battle's front :
 Or will you stay till Tarquin does return,
 To see your wives and children dragg'd about,
 Your houses burnt, the temples all profan'd,
 The city fill'd with rapes, adulteries,
 The Tiber choak'd with bodies, all the shores
 And neighb'ring rocks besmear'd with Roman blood ?

Vin. Away, away, let's burn his palace first.

Brut. Hold, hold, my friends : as I have been th' inspirer

Of this most just revenge, so I intreat you,
 Oh worthy Romans, take me with you still :
 Drive Tullia out, and all of Tarquin's race ;
 Expel 'em without damage to their persons,
 Though not without reproach. Vindicius, you
 I trust in this. So prosper us the Gods,
 Prosper our cause, prosper the Commonwealth,
 Guard and defend the liberty of Rome.

Vin. Liberty, liberty, liberty !

All. Liberty, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Val. O Brutus, as a God we all survey thee !
 Let then the gratitude we should express
 Be lost in admiration. Well we know,
 Virtue like thine, so fierce, so like the Gods,
 That more than thou presents we could not bear,
 Looks with disdain on ceremonious honours ;

Therefore accept in short the thanks of Rome :
 First with our bodies thus we worship thee,
 Thou guardian genius of the Commonwealth,
 Thou father and redeemer of thy country ;
 Next we, as friends, with equal arms embrace thee,
 That Brutus may remember, tho' his virtue
 Soar to the Gods, he is a Roman still.

Brut. And when I am not so, or once in thought
 Conspire the bondage of my countrymen,
 Strike me, you Gods; tear me, O Romans, piece-meal,
 And let your Brutus be more loath'd than Tarquin!
 But now to those affairs that want a view.
 Imagine then the fame of what is done
 Has reach'd to Ardea, whence the trembling King,
 By guilt and nature quick and apprehensive,
 With a bent brow comes post for his revenge,
 To make examples of the mutineers :
 Let him come on. Lucretius, to your care
 The charge and custody of Rome is given ;
 While we, with all the force that can be rais'd,
 Waving the Tarquins on the common road,
 Resolve to join the army at the camp.
 What thinks Valerius of the consequence ?

Val. As of a lucky hit. There is a number
 Of malecontents that wish for such a time :
 I think that only speed is necessary
 To crown the whole event.

Brut. Go then yourself,
 With these assistants, and make instant head
 Well as you can, numbers will not be wanting,
 To Mars's field. I have but some few orders
 To leave with Titus, that must be dispers'd,
 And Brutus shall attend you.

Val. The Gods direct you.

[Exeunt with the body of Lucrece.]

Manent BRUTUS and TITUS.

Brut. Titus, my son!

Titus. My ever honour'd lord.

Brut. I think, my Titus,

Nay by the Gods, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my children.

Titus. How, Sir, oh how, my lord, have I deserv'd it?

Brut. Therefore I love thee more, because, my son,
Thou hast deserv'd it; for to speak sincerely,
There's such a sweetness still in all thy manners,
An air so open, and a brow so clear,
A temper so remov'd from villainy,
With such a manly plainness in thy dealing,
That not to love thee, O my son, my Titus,
Were to be envious of so great a virtue.

Titus. O all the Gods, where will this kindness end?
Why do you thus, O my too gracious lord,
Dissolve at once the being that you gave me,
Unless you mean to screw me to performance
Beyond the reach of man?
Ah why, my lord, do you oblige me more
Than my humanity can e'er return?

Brut. Yes, Titus, thou conceiv'st thy father right,
I find our Genii know each other well;
And minds, my son, of our uncommon make,
When once the mark's in view never shoot wide,
But in a line come level to the white,
And hit the very heart of our design:
Then to the shocking purpose. Once again
I say, I swear I love thee, O my son;

I like thy frame ; the fingers of the Gods,
I see, have left their mastery upon thee ;
They have been tapering up thy Roman form,
And the majestic prints at large appear :
Yet something they have left for me to finish,
Which thus I press thee to, thus in my arms
I fashion thee, I mould thee to my heart.
What ! Dost thou kneel ? Nay, stand up now a Roman,
Shake from thy lids that dew that hangs upon 'em,
And answer to the austerity of my virtue.

Titus. If I must die, you Gods, I am prepar'd :
Let then my fate suffice ; but do not rack me
With something more.

Brut. Titus, as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.

Titus. My lord, I did.

Brut. To Teraminta, Tarquin's natural daughter.

Titus. Most true, my lord, to that poor virtuous maid.
Your Titus, Sir, your most unhappy son,
Is join'd for ever.

Brut. No, Titus—not for ever.
Not but I know the virgin beautiful ;
For I did oft converse her when I seem'd
Not to converse at all. Yet more, my son,
I think her chastely good, most sweetly fram'd,
Without the smallest tincture of her father ;
Yet, Titus—Ha ! what, man ? what, all in tears ?
Art thou so soft, that only saying yet
Has dash'd thee thus ? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the bottom of this foolish stream,
Whose brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my son,
If thou art mine, thou art not Teraminta's ;
Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be,
Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Titus. O the Gods!

Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
Due to a father's name, not Teraminta's!

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not Teraminta's.
No, Titus, by th' eternal Fates, that hang,
I hope, auspicious o'er the head of Rome,
I'll grapple with thee on this spot of earth
About this theme, till one of us fall dead:
I'll struggle with thee for this point of honour,
And tug with Tereminta for thy heart,
As I have done for Rome. Yes, ere we part,
Fix'd as you are by wedlock, join'd and fast,
I'll set you far asunder: nay, on this,
This spotted blade, bath'd in the blood of Lucrece,
I'll make thee swear, on this thy wedding night,
Thou wilt not touch thy wife.

Titus. Conscience, heart, and bowels,
Am I a man? Have I my flesh about me?

Brut. I know thou hast too much of flesh about thee;
'Tis that, my son, that and thy blood I fear
More than thy spirit, which is truly Roman:
But let the heated channels of thy veins
Boil o'er, I still am obstinate in this:
Thou shalt renounce thy father or thy love.
Either resolve to part with Teraminta,
To send her forth, with Tullia, to her father,
Or shake hands with me, part, and be accurs'd;
Make me believe thy mother play'd me false,
And, in my absence, stamp'd thee with a Tarquin.

Titus. Hold, Sir, I do conjure you by the Gods
Wrong not my mother, though you doom me dead;
Curse me not till you hear what I resolve;
Give me a little time to rouse my spirits,

To muster all the tyrant-man about me,
 All that is fierce, austere, and greatly cruel,
 To Titus and his Teraminta's ruin.

Brut. Remember me; look on thy father's suff'rings;
 What he has borne for twenty rolling years.
 If thou hast nature, worth, or honour in thee,
 The contemplation of my cruel labours
 Will stir thee up to this new act of glory:
 Thou want'st the image of thy father's wrongs;
 O take it then, reflected with the warmth
 Of all the tenderness that I can give thee.
 Perhaps it stood in a wrong light before,
 I'll try all ways to place it to advantage.
 Learn by my rigorous Roman resolution
 To stiffen thy unharrass'd infant virtue:
 I do allow thee fond, young, soft, and gentle,
 Train'd by the charms of one that is most lovely;
 Yet, Titus, this must all be lost, when honour,
 When Rome, the world, and the Gods come to claim us:
 Think then thou heard'st 'em cry, 'Obey thy father;
 If thou art false, or perjur'd, there he stands
 Accountable to us; but swear t' obey;
 Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
 Be sworn amiss, thou may'st have nought to answer.'

Titus. What is it, Sir, that you would have me swear?
 That I may 'scape your curse, and gain your blessing?

Brut. That thou this night will part with Teraminta.
 For once again I swear, if here she stays,
 What for the hatred of the multitude,
 And my resolves to drive out Tarquin's race,
 Her person is not safe.

Titus. Here, take me, Sir;

'Take me before I cool: I swear, this night
That I will part with (Oh!) my Teraminta.

Brut. Swear too, and by the soul of ravish'd Lucrece,
Though on thy bridal night, thou wilt not touch her.

Titus. I swear, e'en by the soul of her you nam'd,
The ravish'd Lucrece, oh the immortal Gods!
I will not touch her.

Brut. So; I trust thy virtue:
And, by the Gods, I thank thee for the conquest.
Once more, with all the blessings I can give thee,
I take thee to my arms; thus on my breast,
The hard and rugged pillow of thy honour,
I wean thee from thy love. Farewel! be fast
To what thou'st sworn, and I am thine for ever. [*Exit.*]

Titus. [*Solus.*] To what thou'st sworn! Oh Heaven and
Earth, what's that?

What have I sworn? To part with Teraminta?
To part with something dearer to my heart
Than my life's drops? What! not this night enjoy her?
Renounce my vows, the rights, the dues of marriage,
Which now I gave her, and the priest was witness,
Bless'd with a flood that stream'd from both our eyes,
And seal'd with sighs, and smiles, and deathless kisses;
Yet after this to swear thou wilt not touch her!
Oh, all the Gods, I did forswear myself
In swearing that, and will forswear again:
Not touch her! O thou perjur'd braggard, where,
Where are thy vaunts, thy protestations now?

Enter TERAMINTA.

She comes to strike thy staggering duty down:
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh Teraminta, come,
Come to my arms, thou only joy of Titus,

Hush to my cares, thou mass of hoarded sweets,
 Selected hour of all life's happy moments ;
 What shall I say to thee ?

Ter. Say any thing ;
 For while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,
 In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
 Falls upon every frightened faculty,
 And puts my soul in tune. O Titus, oh !
 Methinks my spirit shivers in her house,
 Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest ;
 With this foresight, to die thus in your arms
 Were to prevent a world of following ills.

Ter. What ills, my love ? What power has fortune now
 But we can brave ?

Titus. 'Tis true, my Teraminta,
 The body of the world is out of frame,
 The vast distorted limbs are on the rack,
 And all the cable sinews stretch'd to bursting,
 The blood ferments, and the majestic spirit,
 Like Hercules in the envenom'd shirt,
 Lies in a fever on the horrid pile.
 My father, like an Esculapius
 Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the cure ;
 But how, my love ? By violent remedies,
 And says that Rome, ere yet she can be well,
 Must purge and cast, purge all th' infected humours
 Through the whole mass, and vastly, vastly bleed.

Ter. Ah Titus ! I myself but now beheld
 Th' expulsion of the Queen, driv'n from her palace
 By the enrag'd and madding multitude,
 And hardly 'scap'd myself to find you here.

Titus. Why yet, my Teraminta, we may smile.
 Come then to bed, ere yet the night descends
 With her black wings to brood o'er all the world.

Why, what care we? Let us enjoy those pleasures
The Gods have giv'n; lock'd in each other's arms,
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at fate.

Ter. No, no, my lord, there's more than you have
nam'd,

There's something at your heart that I must find;
I claim it with the privilege of a wife.
Keep close your joys, but for your griefs, my Titus,
I must not, will not lose my share in them.

Ah, the good Gods, what is it stirs you thus?
Speak, speak, my lord, or Teraminta dies.

Oh Heav'ns, he weeps! Nay, then upon my knees
I thus conjure you, speak, or give me death.

Titus. Rise, Teraminta. Oh, if I should speak
What I have rashly sworn against my love,
I fear that I should give thee death indeed.

Ter. Against your love! No, that's impossible;
I know your god-like truth: nay, should you swear,
Swear to me now that you forswore your love,
I would not credit it. No, no, my lord,
I see, I know, I read it in your eyes,
You love the wretched Teraminta still.

The very manner of your hiding it,
The tears you shed, your backwardness to speak
What you affirm you swore against your love,
Tell me, my lord, you love me more than ever.

Titus. By all the Gods I do. Oh Teraminta,
My heart's discernor, whether wilt thou drive me?
I'll tell thee then. My father wrought me up
I know not how, to swear I know not what,
That I would send thee hence with Tullia,
Swear not to touch thee, though my wife; yet, oh,
Had'st thou been by thyself, and but beheld him,

Thou would'st have thought such was his majesty,
That the Gods lighten'd from his awful eyes,
And thunder'd from his tongue.

Ter. No more, my lord :

I do conjure you by all those Powers
Which we invok'd together at the altar,
And beg you by the love I know you bear me,
To let his passion trouble you no farther ;
No, my dear lord, my honour'd god-like husband,
I am your wife, and one that seeks your honour :
By Heaven I would have sworn you thus myself.
What, on the shock of empire, on the turn
Of state, and universal change of things,
To lie at home and languish for a woman !
No, Titus, he that makes himself thus vile,
Let him not dare pretend to ought that's princely ?
But be, as all the warlike world shall judge him,
The droll of th' people, and the scorn of kings.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. My lord, your father gives you thus in charge,
Remember what you swore. The guard is ready,
And I am order'd to conduct your bride,
While you attend your father.

Titus. Oh Teraminta !

Then we must part.

Ter. We must, we must, my lord,
Therefore be swift, and snatch yourself away,
Or I shall die with ling'ring.

Titus, Oh, a kiss,

Balmy as cordials that recover souls,
Chaste as maid's sighs, and keen as longing mothers !
Preserve thyself ; look well to that, my love ;

Think on our covenant: when either dies
The other is no more.

Ter. I do remember,
But have no language left.

Titus. Yet we shall meet,
In spite of sighs we shall, at least in heaven,
Oh Teraminta, once more to my heart,
Once to my lips, and ever to my soul!
Thus the soft mother, though her babe is dead,
Will have the darling on her bosom laid,
Will talk, and rave, and with the nurses strive,
And fond it still, as if it were alive;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the croud,
And shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the shroud.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter COLLATINUS, TIBERIUS, VITELLIUS, and
AQUILIUS.

Collatinus.

TH' expulsion of the Tarquins now must stand;
Their camp to be surpriz'd, while Tarquin here
Was scolded from our walls! I blush to think
That such a master in the art of war
Should so forget himself.

Vit. Triumphant Brutus,
Like Jove when follow'd by a train of Gods,
To mingle with the Fates, and doom the world,
Ascends the brazen steps o'th' capitol,
With all the humming senate at his heels,

Ev'n in that capitol which the King built
 With the expence of all the royal treasure,
 Ingrateful Brutus there in pomp appears,
 And sits the purple judge of Tarquin's downfall.

Aquil. But why, my lord, why are not you there too?
 Were you not chosen consul by whole Rome?
 Why are you not saluted too like him?
 Where are your lictors? Where your rods and axes?
 Or are you but the ape, the mimic God
 Of this new thunderer, who appropriates
 Those bolts of power which ought to be divided?

Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upstart pride,
 His rebel thoughts of the imperial race,
 His abject soul that stoops to court the vulgar,
 His scorn of princes, and his lust to th' people:
 Oh Collatine! have you not eyes to find him?
 Why are you rais'd, but to set off his honours?
 A taper by the sun, whose sickly beams
 Are swallow'd in the blaze of his full glory:
 He, like a meteor, wades th' abyss of light,
 While your faint lustre adds but to the beard
 That awes the world. When late through Rome he pass'd,
 Fixt on his courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
 On this, on that side, to the gazing heads
 That pav'd the streets, and all imboss'd the windows,
 That gap'd with eagerness to speak, but could not;
 So fast their spirits flow'd to admiration,
 And that to joy, which thus at last broke forth:
 'Brutus, God Brutus, father of thy country!
 Hail, Genius! hail, deliverer of lost Rome!
 Shield of the Commonwealth, and sword of justice
 Hail, scourge of tyrants, lash for lawless Kings!
 All hail!' they cried, while the long peal of praises,

Tormented with a thousand echoing cries,
Ran like the volley of the Gods along.

Coll. No more on't; I grow sick with the remembrance.

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their bellying
bodies,

That ventur'd from the casements more than half
To look at Brutus, nay, that stuck like snails
Upon the walls, and from the houses tops
Hung down like clust'ring bees upon each other,
How did they all draw back at sight of you,
To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from rapture!
Are you a man? Have you the blood of Kings
And suffer this?

Coll. Ha!—Is he not his father?

Tib. I grant he is.

Consider this, and rouse yourself at home:
Commend my fire, and rail at your own slackness.
Yet more, remember but your last disgrace,
When you propos'd, with rev'rence to the Gods,
A king of sacrifices should be chosen,
And from the consuls, did he not oppose you?
Fearing, as well he might, your sure election;
Saying, it smelt too much of royalty;
And that it might rub up the memory
Of those that lov'd the tyrant? Nay, yet more,
That if the people chose you for the place,
The name of King would light upon a Tarquin:
Of one that's doubly royal, being descended
From two great Princes that were Kings of Rome?

Coll. But after all this, whether would'st thou drive?

Tib. I would to justice. for the restoration
Of our most lawful Prince: yes, Collatine,
I look upon my father as a traitor;
I find that neither you, nor brave Aquilius,

Nor young Vitellius, dare confide in me ;
 But that you may, and firmly, to the hazard
 Of all the world holds precious, once again
 I say, I look on Brutus as a traitor,
 No more my father, by th' immortal Gods :
 And to redeem the time, to fix the King
 On his imperial throne, some means propos'd
 That savour of a govern'd policy,
 Where there is strength and life to hope a fortune,
 Not to throw all upon one desperate chance ;
 I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.

Coll. Come to my arms : O thou so truly brave,
 Thou may'st redeem the errors of thy race !
 Aquilius, and Vitellius, O embrace him,
 And ask his pardon, that so long we fear'd
 To trust so rich a virtue. But behold,

Enter BRUTUS and VALERIUS.

Brutus appears : young man, be satisfy'd,
 I sound thy politic father to the bottom,
 Plotting the assumption of Valerius ;
 He means to cast me from the consulship,
 But now I heard how he cajol'd the people
 With his known industry, and my remissness,
 That still in all our votes, proscriptions, edicts,
 Against the King, he found I acted faintly,
 Still closing every sentence, ' he's a Tarquin !'

Brut. No, my Valerius, till thou art my mate,
 Joint master in this great authority ;
 However calm the face of things appear,
 Rome is not safe : by the majestic Gods
 I swear, while Collatine sits at the helm
 A universal wreck is to be fear'd :

I have intelligence of his transactions,
He mingles with the young hot blood of Rome,
Gnaws himself inward, grudges my applause,
Promotes cabals with highest quality,
Such headlong youth as spurning laws and manners,
Shar'd in the late debaucheries of Sextus,
And therefore wish the tyrant here again:
As the inverted seasons shock'd wise men,
And the most fix'd philosophy must start
At sultry winters, and at frosty summers;
So at this most unnatural stillness here,
This more than midnight silence through all Rome,
This deadness of discourse, and dreadful calm
Upon so great a change, I more admire
Than if a hundred politic heads were met,
And nodded mutiny to one another;
More fear than if a thousand lying libels
Were spread abroad, nay, dropt among the senate.

Val. I have myself employ'd a busy slave,
His name Vinditius, given him wealth and freedom,
To watch the motions of Vitellius,
And those of the Aquilian family:
Vitellius has already entertain'd him;
And something thence important may be gather'd;
For these, of all the youth of quality,
Are most inclin'd to Tarquin and his race
By blood and humour.

Brut. Oh, Valerius!
That boy, observ'st thou? Oh, I fear, my friend,
He is a weed, but rooted in my heart,
And grafted to my stock; if he prove rank,
By Mars no more but thus, away with him:
I'll tear him from me though the blood should follow.
Tiberius!

Tib. My lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that Vitellius;
I warn'd you too of young Aquilius:
Are my words wind that thus you let 'em pass?
Hast thou forgot thy father?

Tib. No, my lord.

Brut. Thou ly'st; but though thou 'scape a father's rod,
The consul's axe may reach thee: think on that,
I know thy vanity and blind ambition;
Thou dost associate with my enemies;
When I refus'd the consul Collatine
To be the king of sacrifices, straight,
As if thou had'st been sworn his bosom fool,
He nam'd thee for the office: and since that,
Since I refus'd thy madness that preferment,
Because I would have none of Brutus' blood
Pretend to be a King, thou hang'st thy head,
Contriv'st to give thy father new displeasure,
As if imperial toil were not enough
To break my heart without thy disobedience.
But by the majesty of Rome I swear,
If after double warning thou despise me,
By all the Gods, I'll cast thee from my blood,
Doom thee to forks and whips as a barbarian,
And leave thee to the lashes of the lictor.
Tarquinius Collatinus, you are summon'd
To meet the senate on the instant time.

Coll. Lead on: my duty is to follow Brutus.

[*Exit Brut. Val.*

Tib. Now, by those Gods with which he menac'd me,
I here put off all nature; since he turns me
Thus desperate to the world, I do renounce him:
And when we meet again he is my foe.

All blood, all reverence, fondness be forgot;
Like a grown savage on the common wild,
That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
I'll meet my lion sire, and roar defiance,
As if he ne'er had nurs'd me in his den.

Enter VINDICIUS, with the People, and two Fecilian Priests, crowned with laurel: two spears in their hands; one bloody and half burnt.

Vin. Make way there, hey—news from the tyrant—here come envoys, heralds, ambassadors; whether in the gods name or in the devils I know not; but here they come, your Fecilian priests: well, good people, I like not these priests; why, what the devil have they to do with state affairs? What side soever they are for, they'll have Heaven for their part, I'll warrant you: they'll lug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1. *Pri.* Hear, Jupiter! and thou, O Juno, hear!
Hear, O Quirinus! hear us, all you Gods,
Celestial, terrestrial, and infernal!

2. *Pri.* But thou, Oh Rome, our judge! hear, all you people!

Vin. Fine canting rogues! I told you how they'd be hooking the Gods in at first dash; why, the Gods are their tools and tackle; they work with heaven and hell; and let me tell you, as things go, your priests have a hopeful trade on't.

1. *Pri.* I come ambassador to thee, O Rome,
Sacred and just, the legate of the King.

2. *Pri.* If we demand, or purpose to require,
A stone from Rome that's contrary to justice,
May we be ever banish'd from our country,
And never hope to taste this vital air.

Tib. Vindicius, lead the multitude away :
Aquilus, with Vitellius and myself,
Will straight conduct 'em to the capitol.

Vin. I go, my lord ; but have a care of 'em—sly rogues,
I warrant 'em. Mark that first priest ; do you see how he
leers ? a lying elder ; the true cast of a holy juggler.
Come, my masters, I would think well of a priest but that
he has a commission to dissemble : a patent hypocrite, that
takes pay to forge lies by law, and lives by the sins of the
people. [*Exeunt with people.*]

Aquil. My life upon't, you may speak out, and freely :
Tiberius is the heart of our design.

1. *Pri.* The Gods be prais'd ! Thus then ; the King
commends

Your generous resolves, longs to be with you,
And those you have engag'd, divides his heart
Amongst you ; which more clearly must be seen
When you have read these packets : as we go
I'll spread the bosom of the King before you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate.

Brut. Patricians, that long stood, and 'scap'd the tyrant,
The venerable moulds of your forefathers,
That represent the wisdom of the dead ;
And you, the conscript chosen for the people,
Engines of power, severest counsellors,
Courts that examine treasons to the head,
All hail ! The consul begs the auspicious Gods,
And binds Quirinus by his tutelar vow,
That plenty, peace, and lasting liberty
May be your portion, and the lot of Rome :
Laws, rules, and bounds, prescrib'd for raging Kings,

Like banks and bulwarks for the mother seas,
Though 'tis impossible they should prevent
A thousand daily wrecks and nightly ruins,
Yet help to break those rolling inundations,
Which else would overflow and drown the world.
Tarquin, to feed whose fathomless ambition
And ocean luxury the noblest veins
Of all true Romans were like rivers empty'd,
Is cut from Rome, and now he flows full on;
Yet, fathers, ought we much to fear his ebb,
And strictly watch the dams that we have rais'd.
Why should I go about? The Roman people
All, with one voice, accuse my fellow consul.

Coll. The people may; I hope the nobles will not.
The people! Brutus does indulge the people.

Brut. Consul, in what is right I will indulge 'em;
And much, I think, 'tis better so to do,
Than see 'em run in tumults through the streets,
Forming cabals, plotting against the senate,
Shutting their shops, and flying from the town,
As if the Gods had sent the plague among 'em.
I know too well, you and your royal tribe
Scorn the good people, scorn the late election,
Because we chose these fathers for the people
To fill the place of those whom Tarquin murder'd:
And, though you laugh at this, you and your train,
The irreligious hare-brain'd youth of Rome,
The ignorant, the slothful, and the base;
Yet wise men know, 'tis very rarely seen,
That a free people should desire the hurt
Of common liberty. No, Collatine,
For those desires arise from their oppression,
Or from suspicion they are falling to it;

But put the case, that those their fears were false,
 Ways may be found to rectify their errors;
 For grant the people ignorant of themselves,
 Yet they are capable of being told,
 And will conceive a truth from worthy men:
 From you they will not, nor from your adherents:
 Rome's infamous and execrable youth,
 Foes to religion and the commonwealth,
 To virtue, learning, and all sober arts,
 That bring renown and profit to mankind;
 Such as had rather bleed beneath a tyrant,
 To become dreadful to the populace,
 To spread their lusts and dissoluteness round,
 Though at the daily hazard of their lives,
 Than live at peace in a free government,
 Where every man is master of his own,
 Sole lord at home, and monarch of his house;
 Where rancour and ambition are extinguish'd;
 Where universal peace extends her wings,
 As if the golden age return'd; where all
 The people do agree, and live secure;
 The nobles and the princes lov'd and reverenc'd;
 The world in triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

Coll. The consul, conscript fathers, says the people,
 For divers reasons, grudge the dignity
 Which I possess'd by general approbation,
 I hear their murmurs, and would know of Brutus
 What they would have me do, what's their desire.

Brut. Take hence the royal name, resign thy office,
 Go as a friend, and of thy own accord,
 Lest thou be forc'd to what may seem thy will:
 The city renders thee what is thy own
 With vast increase, so thou resolve to go;

For till the name, the race, and family
Of Tarquin be remov'd, Rome is not free.

Coll. Brutus, I yield my office to Valerius,
Hoping, when Rome has try'd my faith by exile,
She will recall me : so the Gods preserve you.

[*Exit.*

Brut. Welcome, Publicola, true son of Rome ;
On such a pilot in the roughest storm
She may securely sleep, and rest her cares.

Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, *and the*
Priests.

1. *Pri.* Hear, Jupiter, Quirinus, all you Gods,
Thou father, judge, commission'd for the message,
Pater Patratus for the embassy,
And sacred oaths which I must swear for truth,
Dost thou commission me to seal the peace,
If peace they chuse, or hurl this bloody spear,
Half burnt in fire, if they enforce a war ?

2. *Pri.* Speak to the senate and the Alban people,
The words of Tarquin : this is your commission.

1. *Pri.* The King, to show he has more moderation
Than those who drove him from his lawful empire,
Demands but restitution of his own,
His royal household-stuff, imperial treasure,
His gold, his jewels, and his proper state,
To be transported where he now resides :
I swear that this is all the King requires ;
Behold his signet set upon the wax.
'Tis seal'd and written in these sacred tables.
To this I swear ; and as my oath is just,
Sincere and punctual, without all deceit,
May Jupiter and all the Gods reward me :
But if I act, or otherwise imagine,

Think, or design, than what I here have sworn,
 All you the Alban people being safe,
 Safe in your country, temples, sepulchres,
 Safe in your laws, and proper household goods,
 Let me alone be struck, fall, perish, die,
 As now this stone falls from my hand to earth.

Brut. The things you ask being very controversial,
 Require some time. Should we deny the tyrant
 What was his own, 'twould seem a strange injustice,
 Tho' he had never reign'd in Rome; yet, fathers,
 If we consent to yield to his demand,
 We give him then full power to make a war.
 'Tis known to you, the Fecilian Priests,
 No act of senate after sun-set stands;
 Therefore your offers being of great moment,
 We shall defer your bus'ness till the morn;
 With whose first dawn we summon all the fathers
 To give th' affair dispatch: so Jove protect,
 Guard, and defend the Commonwealth of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, and Priests.

Tib. Now to the garden, where I'll bring my brother:
 Fear not, my lord; we have the means to work him;
 It cannot fail.

1. *Pri.* And you, Vitellius, haste
 With good Aquilius, spread the news through Rome,
 To all of royal spirit; most to those
 Young noblemen that us'd to range with Sextus:
 Persuade a restitution of the King,
 Give 'em the hint to let him in by night,
 And join their forces with th' Imperial troops,
 For 'tis a shove, a push of fate, must bear it:

For you, the hearts and souls of enterprize,
I need not urge a reason after this :
What good can come of such a government,
Where, tho' two consuls, wise and able persons
As are throughout the world, sit at the helm,
A very trifle cannot be resolv'd ;
A trick, a start, a shadow of a business,
That would receive dispatch in half a minute,
Were the authority but rightly plac'd
In Rome's most lawful King ? But now no more ;
The Fecilian garden is the place,
Where more of our sworn function will be ready
To help the royal plot. Disperse, and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Fecilian Garden. TITUS solus.

Titus. She's gone, and I shall never see her more ?
Gone to the camp, to the harsh trade of war,
Driven from thy bed, just warm within thy breast,
Torn from her harbour by thy father's hand,
Perhaps to starve upon the barren plain !
Thy virgin wife, the very blush of maids,
The softest bosom, sweet, and not enjoy'd :
O the immortal odds ! and as she went,
Howe'er she seem'd to bear our parting well,
Methought she mixt her melting with disdain,
Acast of anger through her shining tears :
So to abuse her hopes, and blast her wishes,
By making her my bride, but not a woman !

Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, *and* Priests,
with TERAMINTA.

Tib. See where he stands, drown'd in his melancholy.

I. Pri. Madam, you know the pleasure of the Queen:
And what the royal Tullia did command
I've sworn to execute.

Ter. I am instructed.
Since then my life's at stake you need not doubt
But I will act with all the force I can:
Let me intreat you leave me here alone,
Some minutes, and I'll call you to the conquest.

[Exeunt Tib. Aq. Vitel. and Priests.]

Titus. Chuse then the gloomy'st place through all the
grove,
Throw thy abandon'd body on the ground,
With thy bare breast lie wedded to the dew;
Then, as thou drink'st the tears that trickle from thee:
So stretch'd resolve to lie till death shall seize thee:
Thy sorrowful head hung o'er some tumbling stream,
To rock thy griefs with melancholy sounds;
With broken murmurs, and redoubled groans,
To help the gurgling of the water's fall.

Ter. Oh, Titus, oh, what scene of death is this! *[Aside.]*

Titus. Or if thy passion will not be kept in,
As in that glass of nature thou shalt view
Thy swoln drown'd eyes with the inverted banks,
The tops of willows, and their blossoms turn'd,
With all the under sky ten fathom down,
Wish that the shadow of the swimming globe
Were so indeed that thou might'st leap at fate,
And hurl thy fortune headlong at the stars:
Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry face

To yon misguided orb, and ask the Gods
For what bold sin they doom the wretched Titus
To such a loss as that of Teraminta?
O Teraminta! I will groan thy name
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition,
Till all the breathless grove and quiet myrtles
Shake with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em.
Nothing but Teraminta! O Teraminta!

Ter. Nothing but Titus! Titus and Teraminta!
Thus let me rob the fountains and the groves,
Thus gird me to thee with the fastest knot
Of arms and spirits that would clasp thee through;
Cold as thou art, and wet with night's fall'n dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with kingdoms.
Oh, Titus! Oh!

Titus. I find thee, Teraminta,
Wak'd from a fearful dream, and hold thee fast:
'Tis real, and I give thee back thy joys,
Thy boundless love, with pleasures running o'er;
Nay, as thou art, thus with thy trappings, come,
Leap to my heart, and ride upon the pants,
Triumphing thus, and now defy our stars.
But oh, why do we lose this precious moment!
The bliss may yet be barr'd, if we delay,
As 'twas before. Come to thy husband's bed;
I will not think this true till there I hold thee,
Lock'd in my arms. Leave this contagious air;
There will be time for talk how thou cam'st hither,
When we have been beforehand with the Gods:
Till then——

Ter. Oh, Titus, you must hear me first!
I bring a message from the furious Queen;

I promis'd, nay, she swore me not to touch you,
Till I had charm'd you to the part of Tarquin.

Titus. Ha, Teraminta! Not to touch thy husband
Unless he prove a villain?

Ter. Titus, no;
I'm sworn to tell you that you are a traitor
If you refuse to fight the royal cause.

Titus. Hold, Teraminta!

Ter. No, my lord; 'tis plain,
And am I sworn to lay my reasons home.
Rouse then, awake, recall your sleeping virtue,
Side with the King, and arm against your father;
Take part with those that loyalty have sworn
To let him in by night: Vitellius,
Aquilius, and your brother, wait without;
Therefore, I charge you, haste, subscribe your name,
And send your vow'd obedience to the King:
'Tis Teraminta that intreats you thus,
Charms, and conjures you; tell the royal heralds
You'll head their enterprize; and then, my lord,
My love, my noble husband, I'll obey you,
And follow to your bed.

Titus. Never, I swear.

Oh, Teraminta, thou hast broke my heart:
By all the Gods, from thee this was too much!
Farewel, and take this with thee: For thy sake
I will not fight against the King, nor for him.
I'll fly my father, brother, friends for ever;
Forsake the haunts of men; converse no more
With ought that's human; dwell with endless darkness:
For since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
What has the world besides that I can bear?

Ter. Come back, my lord. By those immortal Pow'rs
You now invok'd, I'll fix you in this virtue.
Your Teraminta did but try how strong
Your honour stood; and now she finds it lasting,
Will die to root you in this solid glory.
Yes, Titus, though the Queen has sworn to end me,
Though both the Fecilians have commission
To stab me in your presence, if not wrought
To serve the King; yet by the Gods I charge you
Keep to the point your constancy has gain'd.
Tarquin, although my father, is a tyrant,
A gloomy, black usurper; so I beg you
E'en in my death to view him.

Titus. Oh you Gods!

Ter. Yet, guilty as he is, if you behold him
Hereafter with his wounds upon the earth,
Titus, for my sake, for poor Teraminta,
Wh'ou'd rather die than you should lose your honour,
Do not you strike him, do not dip your sword
In Tarquin's blood, because he was my father.

Titus. No, Teraminta, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en against my father.
See, see, my love, behold the flight I take:
What all the charms of thy expected bed
Could not once move my soul to think of acting,
Thy tears and menac'd death, by which thou striv'st
To fix me to the principles of glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal bolts that bind this frame
Start from their order: since you push me thus,
E'en to the margin of this wide despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this dishonour,
Where there is neither shore nor hope of haven,

No floating mark through all the dismal vast ;
'Tis rockless too; no cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pause upon the ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd honour come to this ?
What now, my lord ?

Titus. Thy death, thy death, my love :
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the Gods.
Glory, blood, nature, ties of reverence,
The dues of birth, respect of parents, all,
All are as this, the air I drive before me.
What ho ! Vitellius, and Aquilius, come,
And you the Fecilian heralds, haste,
I'm ready for the leap, I'll take it with you,
Though deep as to the fiends.

Ter. Thus hear me, Titus.

Titus. Off from my knees—away—
What, on this theme, thy death ? nay, stabb'd before me !

Enter Priests, with TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS.

Speak not ; I will not know thee on this subject,
But push thee from my heart, with all persuasions
That now are lost upon me. O Tiberius,
Aquilius, and Vitellius, welcome, welcome !
I'll join you in the conjuration, come ;
I am as free as he that dares be foremost.

Ter. My lord, my husband !

Titus. Take this woman from me.
Nay, look you, sirs, I am not yet so gone,
So headlong neither in this damn'd design,
To quench this horrid thirst with Brutus' blood :
No, by th' eternal Gods I bar you that :
My father shall not bleed.

Tib. You could not think

Your brother sure so monstrous in his kind,
As not to make our father's life his care.

Titus. Thus then, my lords, I list myself among you,
And with my stile, in short, subscribe myself
The servant to the King ; my words are these :
' Titus to the King.'

Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

1. Pri. 'Tis full enough.

Titus. Then leave me to the hire

[*Exit Tib. Aquil. Vit. and Priests.*

Of this hard labour, to the dear-bought prize,
Whose life I purchas'd with my loss of honour :
Come to my breast, thou tempest-beaten flower,
Brim full of rain, and stick upon my heart !
Oh short-liv'd rose ! yet I some hours will wear thee :
Yes, by the Gods I'll smell thee till I languish,
Rifle thy sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding beauties,
And clasp thee dead ; " then like the morning sun,
" With a new heat kiss thee to life again,
" And make the pleasure equal to the pain."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TIBERIUS and VITELLIUS.

Tiberius.

HARK! are we not pursu'd?

Vit. No; 'tis the tread
Of our own friends that follow in the dark.

Tib. What's now the time?

Vit. Just dead of night:
And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a murder.

Tib. It likes me better; for I love the scowl,
The grimpest low'r of fate on such a deed;
I would have all the charnel-houses yawn,
The dusty urns, and monumental bones,
Remov'd, to make our massacre a tomb.
Hark! Who was that that halloo'd fire?

Vit. A slave,
That snores i' th' hall; he bellows in his sleep,
And cries, ' the capitol's o' fire.'

Tib. I would it were,
And Tarquin at the gates: 'twould be a blaze,
A beacon fit to light a King of blood,
That vows at once the slaughter of the world:
Down with their temples, set 'em on a flame;
What should they do with houses for the Gods,
Fat fools, the lazy magistrates of Rome,
Wise citizens, the politic heads o' th' people,
That preach rebellion to the multitude?
Why, let 'em off, and roll into their graves:
I long to be at work. See, good Aquilius,

Trebonius too, Servilius, and Minutius,
Pomponious, hail!

*Enter AQUILIUS, TREBONIUS, SERVILIUS, MINUTIUS,
and POMPONIUS.*

Nay, now you may unmask,
Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your slaves.

Aquil. What are those bodies for?

Tib. A sacrifice.

These were two very busy commonwealths-men,
That, ere the King was banish'd by the senate,
First set the plot on foot in public meetings;
That would be holding forth:—'Twas possible
That Kings themselves might err, and were but men;
The people were not beasts for sacrifice;
Then jogg'd his brother, this cramm'd statesman here,
The bolder rogue, whom ev'n with open mouth
I heard once belch sedition from a stall—
Go, bear him to the priests; he is a victim
That comes as wish'd for them, the cooks of Heav'n,
And they will carve this brawn of fat rebellion,
As if he were a dish the Gods might feed on.

Vin. [*From a window.*] Oh the Gods! Oh the Gods!—
What will they do with him? Oh these priests, rogues,
cut-throats! A dish for the Gods, but the devil's cooks to
dress him!

Tib. Thus then: the Fecilians have set down
A platform, copy'd from the King's design:
The Pandane, or the Romulide, the Roman,
Carmental and Janiculan ports of Rome,
The Circ, the Capitol, and Sublician bridge,
Must all be seiz'd by us that are within;
'Twill not be hard, in the surprize of night,

By us, the consul's children and their nephews,
To kill the drowsy guards, and keep the holds,
At least so long till Tarquin force his entrance,
With all the royalists that come to join us:
Therefore, to make his broader squadrons way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the entry
Of his most pompous and resolv'd revenge.

Aquil. The first decreed, in this great execution,
Is here set down—your father and Valerius.

Tib. That's as the King shall please ; but for Valerius,
I'll take myself the honour of his head,
And wear it on my spear. The senate all,
Without exception, shall be sacrific'd :
And those that are the mutinous heads o' th' people,
Whom I have mark'd to be the soldiers spoil,
For plunder must be given ; and who so fit
As those notorious limbs, your commonwealths-men ?
Their daughters to be ravish'd, and their sons
Quarter'd like brutes upon the common shambles.

Vit. Now for the letters, which the Fecilians
Require us all to sign, and send to Tarquin,
Who will not else be apt to trust his heralds
Without credentials under every hand ;
The bus'ness being indeed of vast import,
On which the hazard of his life and empire,
As well as all our fortunes, do depend.

Tib. It were a break to the whole enterprize
To make a scruple in our great affair ;
I will sign first ; and for my brother Titus,
Whom his new wife detains, I have his hand
And seal to show, as fast and firm as any.

Vin. O villainy ! villainy ! What would they do with me
if they should catch me peeping ? Knock out my brains at

least; another dish for the priests, who would make fine sauce of 'em for the haunch of a fat citizen!

Tib. All hands have here subscrib'd; and that your hearts

Prove resolute to what your hands have giv'n,
Behold the messengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of religion, sacred conjurations,
With sounds of execration, words of horror,
Not to disclose or make least signs or show
Of what you have both heard, and seen, and sworn,
But hear yourselves as if it ne'er had been:
Swear by the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By Pluto, Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
Not to reveal, though racks were set before you,
A syllable of what is past and done.
Hark how the offer'd brutes begin to roar!
Oh that the hearts of all the traitor senate,
And heads of all that foul hydra multitude,
Were frying with their fat upon this pile,
That we might make an off'ring worth an empire,
And sacrifice rebellion to the King.

[Scene draws, shewing the sacrifice; one burning, and another crucified; the Priests coming forward with goblets in their hands, fill'd with human blood.]

1. *Pri.* Kneel, all you heroes of this black design,
Each take his goblet fill'd with blood and wine;
Swear by the Thunderer, swear by Jove;
Swear by the hundred Gods above;
Swear by Dis, by Proserpine,
Swear by the Berecynthian Queen,

2. *Pri.* To keep it close till Tarquin comes,

With trumpet's sound and beat of drums ;
But then to thunder forth the deed,
That Rome may blush, and traitors bleed,
Swear all.

All. We swear.

I. Pri. Now drink the blood,
To make the conjuration good.

Tib. Methinks I feel the slaves exalted blood
Warm at my heart : Oh that it were the spirits
Of Rome's best life, drawn from her grizzled fathers !
That were a draught indeed to quench ambition,
And give new fierceness to the King's revenge !

Vin. Oh, the Gods ! What, burn a man alive ! Oh, cannibals, hell-hounds !—Eat one man, and drink another !—Well, I'll to Valerius ; Brutus will not believe me, because his sons and nephews are in the business. What, drink a man's blood ! Roast him and eat him alive ! A whole man roasted ! Would not an ox serve the turn ? Priests to do this ! Oh you immortal Gods ! For my part, if this be your worship, I renounce you. No ; if a man can't go to Heaven unless you priests eat him, and drink him, and roast him alive, I'll be for the broad way, and the devil shall have me at a venture. [Exit.

Enter Titus.

Titus. What ho, Tiberius ! Give me back my hand ?
What have you done ? Horrors and midnight murders !
The Gods, the Gods awake you to repentance,
As they have me. Would'st thou believe me, brother,
Since I deliver'd thee that fatal scroll,
That writing to the King, my heart rebell'd

Against itself; my thoughts were up in arms,
All in a roar, like seamen in a storm,
My reason and my faculties were wreck'd,
The mast, the rudder, and the tackling gone;
My body like the hull of some lost vessel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling fears?
Therefore, I charge thee, give me back my writing?

Tib. What means my brother?

Titus. Oh, Tiberius, Oh!

Dark as it seems, I tell thee that the Gods
Look through a day of lightning on our city;
'The heav'n's on fire; and from the flaming vault
Fortentous blood pours like a torrent down.
'There are a hundred Gods in Rome to-night,
And every larger spirit is abroad,
Monuments empty'd, every urn is shaken,
'To fright the state, and put the world in arms:
Just now I saw three Romans stand amaz'd
Before a flaming sword, then dropt down dead,
Myself untouch'd; while through the blazing air
A fleeting head, like a full-rising moon,
Glanc'd by, and cry'd, 'Titus, I am Egeria;
Repent, repent, or certain death attends thee;
Treason and tyranny shall not prevail:
Kingdom shall be no more! Egeria says it:
And that vast turn imperial Fate design'd
I saw, O Titus, on th' eternal loom;
'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and is doom'd to stand.'

1. Pri. Fumes, fumes; the phantoms of an ill digestion!
The Gods are as good quiet Gods as may be,
They're fast asleep, and mean not to disturb us,
Unless your frenzy wake 'em.

Titus. Peace, fury, peace!

May the Gods doom me to the pains of hell
If I enjoy'd the beauties that I sav'd :
The horror of my treason shock'd my joys,
Enervated my purpose, while I lay
Colder than marble by her virgin side ;
As if I had drunk the blood of elephants,
Drowsy mandragora, or the juice of hemlock.

1. *Pri.* I like him not ; I think we had best dispatch him.

Titus. Nothing but images of horror round me ;
Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,
The sacred fire put out : robb'd mothers shrieks,
Deaf'ning the Gods with clamours for their babes
That sprawl'd aloft upon the soldiers spears ;
The beard of age pluck'd off by barbarous hands,
While from his piteous wounds and horrid gashes
The labouring life flow'd faster than the blood.

*Enter VALERIUS, VINDICIUS, with Guards, who seize all
but the Priests, who slip away : VINDICIUS follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me ! What will this night bring forth ?
Yes, you immortal Gods, strike, strike the consul !
Since these are here, the crime will look less horrid
In me than in his sons. Titus, Tiberius !
Oh from this time let me be blind and dumb !
But haste there ! Matius, fly ! call hither Brutus,
Bid him for ever leave the down of rest,
And sleep no more : if Rome were all on fire,
And Tarquin in the streets bestriding slaughter,
He would less wonder than at Titus here.

Titus. Stop there, Oh stop that Messenger of Fate !
Here, bind Valerius, bind this villain's hands,
Tear off my robes, put me on the forks, .

And lash me like a slave, till I shall howl
My soul away ; or hang me on a cross,
Rack me a year within some horrid dungeon ;
So deep, so near the hells that I must suffer,
That I may groan my torments to the damn'd :
I do submit, this traitor, this curs'd villain,
To all the stings of most ingenious horror,
So thou dispatch me ere my father comes.
But hark, I hear the tread of fatal Brutus ;
By all the Gods, and by the lowest furies,
I cannot bear his face : away with me ;
Or like a whirlwind I will tear my way
I care not whither. [Exit with Tiberius.]
Val. Take 'em hence together.

Enter VINDICIUS, with the Priests.

Vin. Here, here, my lord, I have unkennell'd two :
Those there are rascals made of flesh and blood,
Those are but men, but these are the Gods' rogues.

Val. Go, good Vindicius, haste, and stop the people,
Get 'em together to the capitol ;
Where all the senate, with the consuls, early,
Will see strict justice done upon the traitors.
For thee the senate shall decree rewards
Great as thy service.

Vin. I humbly thank your lordship.
Why, what, they'll make me a senator at least,
And then a consul, Oh the immortal Gods !
My lord, I go—To have the rods and axes carry'd before
me, and a long purple gown trailing behind my honourable
heels ! well, I am made for ever !

[Exit.]

Enter BRUTUS, attended.

Brut. Oh, my Valerius, are these horrors true?
Hast thou, Oh Gods, this night embowell'd me?
Ransack'd thy Brutus' veins, thy fellow consul,
And found two villains lurking in my blood?

Val. The blackest treason that e'er darkness brooded,
And who, to hatch these horrors for the world,
Who to seduce the noble youth of Rome,
To draw 'em to so damn'd a conjuration,
To bind 'em too by new invented oaths,
Religious forms, and devilish sacrifices,
A sacrament of blood, for which Rome suffer'd
In two the worthiest of her martyr'd sons;
Who to do this, but messengers from Heav'n!
These holy men that swore so solemnly
Before the senate, call'd the Gods to curse 'em,
If they intended aught against the state,
Or harbour'd treason more than what they utter'd!

Brut. Now all the fiends and furies thank 'em for it.
You sons of murder, that get drunk with blood,
Then stab at princes, poison commonwealths,
Destroy whole hecatombs of innocent souls,
Pile 'em like bulls and sheep upon your altars,
As you would smoke the Gods from out their dwelling;
You shame of earth, and scandal of the heav'ns;
You deeper fiends than any of the furies,
That scorn to whisper envy, hate, sedition;
But with a blast of privilege proclaim it;
Priests that are instruments design'd to damn us,
Fit speaking trumpets for the mouth of hell;
Hence with 'em, guards; secure 'em in the prison

Of Ancus Martius. Read the packets o'er,
I'll bear it as I'm able—read 'em out.

Val. ' The sum of the conspiracy to the King.
It shall begin with both the consuls deaths;
And then the senate; every man must bleed,
But those that have engag'd to serve the King.
Be ready, therefore, Sir, to send your troops
By twelve to-morrow night, and come yourself
In person, if you'll re-ascend the throne:
All that have sworn to serve your Majesty
Subscribe themselves by name your faithful subjects:
Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius,
Trebonius, Servilius, Minutius,
Pomponius, and your Fecilian Priests.'

Brut. Ha! my Valerius, is not Titus there?

Val. He's here, my lord; a paper by itself:
' Titus to the King.

Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
To judge of me, who am resolved to serve you.'
What do you think, my lord?

Brut. Think, my Valerius!
By my heart, I know not:
I'm at a loss of thought: and must acknowledge
The counsels of the Gods are fathomless;
Nay, 'tis the hardest task, perhaps, of life
'To be assur'd of what is vice or virtue:
Whether, when we raise up temples to the Gods
We do not then blaspheme 'em: Oh, behold me,
Behold the game that laughing fortune plays;
Fate, or the will of Heaven, call't what you please,
That mars the best designs that prudence lays,
'That brings events about, perhaps to mock
At human reach, and sport with expectation!

Consider this, and wonder not at Brutus,
If his philosophy seems at a stand ;
If thou behold'st him shed unmanly tears,
To see his blood, his children, his own bowels
Conspire the death of him that gave 'em being.

Val. What heart but your's could bear it without breaking?

Brut. No, my Valerius, I were a beast indeed
Not to be mov'd with such prodigious suffering ;
Yet after all I justify the Gods,
And will conclude there's reason supernatural
That guides us through the world with vast discretion,
Although we have not souls to comprehend it ;
Which makes by wond'rous methods the same causes
Produce effects, though of a different nature ;
Since then, for man's instruction, and the glory
Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed
There must be patterns drawn of fiercest virtue,
Brutus submits to the eternal doom.

Val. May I believe there can be such perfection,
Such a resolve in man ?

Brut. First, as I'm their father,
I pardon both of them this black design ;
But, as I am Rome's consul, I abhor 'em,
And cast 'em from my soul with detestation :
The nearer to my blood, the deeper grain'd
The colour of their fault, and they shall bleed :
Yes, my Valerius, both my sons shall die.

Enter TERAMINTA.

Nay, I will stand unbowell'd by the altar,
See something dearer to me than my entrails
Display'd before the Gods and Roman people—
The sacrifice of Justice and Revenge.

Ter. What sacrifice, what victims, Sir, are these
Which you intend? O you eternal Powers,
How shall I vent my sorrows! Oh, my lord,
Yet ere you seal the death you have design'd,
'The death of all that's lovely in the world,
Hear what the witness of his soul can say,
'The only evidence that can, or dare
Appear for your unhappy guiltless son;
The Gods command you—Virtue, Truth, and Justice,
Which you with so much rigour have ador'd,
Beg you would hear the wretched Teraminta.

Brut. Cease thy laments! though of the blood of Tarquin,
Yet more, the wife of my forgotten son,
Thou shalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
Have you forgot yourself? the image of you,
The very picture of your excellence,
'The portraiture of all your manly virtues,
Your visage stamp'd upon him; just those eyes,
The moving greatness of 'em, all the mercy,
The shedding goodness, not quite so severe,
Yet still most like: and can you then forget him?

Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My lord, I will. Know then,
After your son—your son that loves you more
'Than I love him—after our common Titus,
'The wealth o'th' world, unless you rob 'em of it,
Had long endur'd th' assaults of the rebellious,
And still kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him;
I, as Fate order'd it, was sent from Tullia,
With my death menac'd, ev'n before his eyes,
Doom'd to be stabb'd before him by the priests,
Unless he yielded not t'oppose the King;

Consider, Sir ; Oh make it your own case !
 Just wedded, just on the expected joys,
 Warm for my bed, and rushing to my arms,
 So loving too, alas, as we did love :
 Granted in haste, in heat, in flame of passion,
 He knew not what himself, and so subscrib'd.
 But now, Sir, now, my lord, behold a wonder,
 Behold a miracle to move your soul !
 Though in my arms, “ just in the grasps of pleasure,”
 His noble heart, struck with the thoughts of Brutus,
 Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
 Leapt in his breast, and dash'd him from enjoyment ;
 He shriek'd, ‘ Ye immortal Gods, what have I done !
 No, Teraminta, let us rather perish,
 Divide for ever with whole seas betwixt us,
 Rather than sin against so good a father.’
 Though he before had barr'd your life and fortune,
 Yet would not trust the traitors with the safety
 Of him he call'd the image of the Gods.

Val. Oh saint-like virtue of a Roman wife !
 Oh eloquence divine ! now all the arts
 Of women's tongues, the rhetoric of the Gods,
 Inspire thy soft and tender soul to move him !

Ter. On this he rous'd : swore by the Powers divine
 He would fetch back the paper that he gave,
 Or leave his life amongst 'em : kept his word,
 And came to challenge it, but oh ! too late ;
 For, in the midst of all his piety,
 His strong persuasions to a swift repentance,
 His vows to lay their horrid treasons open,
 His execration of the barbarous priests,
 How he abhorr'd that bloody sacrament
 As much as you, and curs'd the conjuration ;

Vindicius came, that had before alarm'd
The wise Valerius, who with all the guards
Found Titus here, believ'd him like the rest,
And seiz'd him too, as guilty of the treason.

Val. But, by the Gods, my soul does now acquit him.
Blest be thy tongue, blest the auspicious Gods
That sent thee, Oh true pattern of perfection,
To plead his bleeding cause! There needs no more,
I see his father's mov'd: behold a joy,
A wat'ry comfort rising in his eyes,
That says, ' 'tis more than half a heav'n to hear thee.'

Brut. Haste, Oh Valerius, haste, and send for Titus!

Ter. For Titus! Oh, that is a word too distant;
Say, for your son, for your beloved son,
The darling of the world, the joy of Heav'n,
The hope of earth, your eyes not dearer to you,
Your soul's best wish, and comfort of your age.

Enter TITUS, *with* VALERIUS.

Titus. Ah, Sir! Oh whither shall I run to hide me?
Where shall I lower fall? How shall I lie
More grovelling in your view, and howl for mercy?
Yet 'tis some comfort to my wild despair,
Some joy in death that I may kiss your feet,
And swear upon 'em by these streaming tears,
Black as I am with all my guilt upon me,
I never harbour'd ought against your person:
Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught distraction,
Your life, my lord, was sacred; ever dear,
And ever precious to unhappy Titus.

Brut. Rise, Titus: rise, my son.

Brut. Alas, I dare not;
I have not strength to see the majesty

Which I have brav'd : if thus far I aspire,
If on your knees I hang and vent my groans,
It is too much, too much for thousand lives.

Brut. I pity thee, my son, and I forgive thee :
And, that thou may'st believe my mercy true,
I take thee in my arms.

Titus. Oh all the Gods!

Brut. Now rise ; I charge thee, on my blessing, rise.

Ter. Ah! see, Sir, see, against his will, behold
He does obey, though he would chuse to kneel
An age before you! see how he stands and trembles!
Now, by my hopes of mercy he's so lost,
His heart's so full, brimful of tenderness,
The sense of what you've done has struck him speechless ;
Nor can he thank you now but with his tears.

Brut. My dear Valerius, let me now intreat thee
Withdraw awhile with gentle Teraminta,
And leave us to ourselves.

Ter. Ah, Sir, I fear you now ;
Nor can I leave you with the humble Titus,
Unless you promise me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to anger : do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his soft and melting temper
With what is past! Behold he sighs again!
Now by the Gods that hitherto have blest us,
My heart forebodes a storm, I know not why :
But say, my lord ; give me your god-like word
You'll not be cruel, and I'll not trust my heart,
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new horror.

Brut. I promise thee.

Ter. Why, then I thank you, Sir ;
Ev'n from my soul I thank you for this goodness :
The great, good, gracious Gods reward and bless you!

Ah Titus, ah, my soul's eternal treasure,
I fear I leave thee with a hard usurer;
But I perforce must trust thee. Oh farewell!

[Exit with Val.]

Brut. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite o'erblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, Oh my best lov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?

Titus. So well, that saying *how* must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with pow'rful throbs persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die,
And that for Titus, too, would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for thee be happy?

Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Titus. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me

It seems as natural as to be born:

Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the Powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:

Not but I must confess my weakness too:
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal Gods.

Brut. Oh Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child,
For thou must die, my Titus—die, my son;
I swear the Gods have doom'd thee to the grave,
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Titus. Alas, my lord!

Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your sorrow?
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom me?

Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The Gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark—the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate:
It seems as if the Gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd—Oh, therefore, let not fancy fond thee—
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of Gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Titus. The axe! Oh Heaven! Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangmen?

Brut. If thou deny me this thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the Gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons, on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The licitor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the Gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourg'd like a bondman! Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail:

The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me ;
 Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
 O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
 Yet have no token of your tenderness?
 No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that?
 Can you resolve, Oh all th' extremity
 Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
 To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
 Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
 Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
 That all your late compassion was dissembled?
 How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
 By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
 These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
 Think that no other cause on earth could move me
 To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
 Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
 But Titus' death: Oh, do not call it shameful
 That thus shall fix the glory of the world!
 I own thy suff'rings ought t'unman me thus,
 To make me throw my body on the ground,
 To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
 To tear my hair, to curse the cruel Fates
 That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Titus. Oh rise, thou violated majesty,
 Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those Fates
 Which you would curse to bolt me to the centre!
 I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
 Come forth, you executioners of justice,
 Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
 Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
 And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;

And when you have scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
By all the Gods I greedily resign it.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell!
If there be Gods they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One last embrace—
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Titus. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
See her thou must not, for thou can'st not bear it.
Oh for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings!
Farewel for ever!

Titus. Oh Brutus! Oh my father!

Brut. Can'st thou not say farewell?

Titus. Farewel for ever!

Brut. For ever then! but Oh my tears run o'er!
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VALERIUS, HORATIUS, HERMINIUS, MUTIUS.

Horatius.

His sons condemn'd?

Val. Doom'd to the rods and axes.

Hor. What, both of 'em?

Val. Both, Sir, both, both his sons.

Hor. What, Titus too?

Val. Yes, Sir, his darling Titus.

Nay, though he knows him innocent as I am,
'Tis all one, Sir, his sentence stands like fate.

Hor. Yet I'll intreat him.

Mut. So will I.

Hor. And I.

Val. Intreat him! yes, you may, my lords, and move
him,

As I have done: why, he's no more a man;
He is not cast in the same common mould,
His spirit moves not with our springs and wards;
He looks and talks as if that Jove had sent him
To be the judge of all the under world;
Tells me, this palace of the universe,
With that vast moat, the ocean, running round us,
Th' eternal stars so fiercely rolling o'er us,
With all that circulation of heav'n's orb,
Were so establish'd, from before all ages,
To be the dowry of majestic Rome:
Then looks as if he had a patent for it,
To take account of all this great expanse,
And see the layings out of the round world.

Hor. What shall be done then? For it grieves my soul
To think of Titus' loss.

Val. There is no help;
But thus to shake your head, and cross your arms,
And wonder what the Gods and he intend!

Her. There's scarce one man of this conspiracy
But is some way related, if not nearly,
To Junius Brutus: some of the Aquilians
Are nephews to him; and Vitellius' sister,
The grave Sempronia, is the consul's wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning matron
To plead the cause of her unhappy sons.

Enter TITUS, *with* Lictors.

But see, Oh Gods, behold the gallant Titus,
The mirror of all sons, the white of virtue,
Fill'd up with blots, and writ all o'er with blood,
Bowing with shame his body to the ground,
Whipt out of breath by these inhuman slaves!
Oh Titus! Is this possible? This shame?

Titus. O my Valerius, call it not my shame!
By all the Gods it is to Titus' honour,
My constant suff'rings are my only glory:
What have I left besides? But ask, Valerius,
Ask these good men that have perform'd their duty,
If all the while they whipt me like a slave,
If when the blood from every part ran down,
I gave one groan, and shed a woman's tear:
I think, I swear I think, Oh my Valerius,
That I have borne it well, and like a Roman.
But Oh, far better shall I bear my death,
Which, as it brings less pain, has less dishonour.

Enter TERAMINTA, *wounded.*

Ter. Where is he? Where, where is this god-like son
Of an inhuman, barbarous, bloody father?
Oh bear me to him!

Titus. Ha! my Teraminta!
Is't possible? The very top of beauty,
This perfect face drawn by the Gods at council,
Which they were long a making, as they had reason,
For they shall never hit the like again,
Defil'd and mangled thus! What barbarous wretch
Has thus blasphem'd this bright original?

Ter. For me it matters not, nor my abuses;

But, oh, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
Whipt, Titus, whipt! And could the Gods look on?
The glory of the world thus basely us'd?
Lash'd, whipt, and beaten by these upright dogs?
Whose souls, with all the virtue of the senate,
Will be but foils to any fault of thine,
Who hast a beauty e'en in thy offending.
And did thy father doom thee thus? Oh Titus,
Forgive thy dying part, if she believes
A wretch so barbarous ever could produce thee:
Some God, some God, my Titus, watch'd his absence,
Slipt to thy mother's bed, and gave thee to the world.

Titus. Oh, this last wound, this stab to all my courage!
Had'st thou been well I could have borne more lashes:
And is it thus my father does protect thee?

Ter. Ah Titus! What, thy murd'rer my protector!
No, let me fall again among the people,
Let me be whooted like a common strumpet,
Toss'd as I was, and dragg'd about the streets,
The bastard of a Tarquin, foil'd in dirt,
The cry of all those bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the goal of death, this happy end
Of all my miseries, here to pant my last,
To wash thy gashes with my farewell tears,
To murmur, sob, and lean my aching head
Upon thy breast—thus, like a cradle babe,
To suck thy wounds, and bubble out my soul.

Enter SEMPRONIA, AQUILIA, VITELLIA, Mourners, &c.

Semp. Come, ladies, haste, and let us to the senate:
If the Gods give us leave, we'll be to-day
Part of the council. Oh, my son, my Titus!
See here the bloody justice of a father!

See how the vengeance rains from his own bowels !
Is he not mad ? If he refuse to hear us,
We'll bind his hands as one bereft of reason.
Haste then : Oh Titus, I would stay to moan thee,
But that I fear his orders are gone out
For something worse, for death, to take the heads
Of all the kindred of these wretched women !

Ter. Come then, I think I have some spirits left
To join thee, oh most pious, best of mothers,
To melt this rocky heart ! give me your hand ;
Thus let us march before this wretched host,
And offer to that God of blood our vows :
If there be ought that's human left about him,
Perhaps my wounds and horrible abuses,
Help'd with the tears and groans of this sad troop,
May batter down the best of his resolves.

Titus. Hark, Teraminta !

Ter. No, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Titus. Oh, my Valerius ! Was there ever day
Through all the legends of recorded time
So sad as this ? But see, my father comes !

Enter BRUTUS and TIBERIUS, with Lictors.

Tiberius too has undergone the lash.
Give him the patience, Gods, of martyr'd Titus,
And he will bless those hands that have chastis'd him.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody conquest of thy pride,
Thou more tyrannical than any Tarquin,
Thou fiercer sire of these unhappy sons,
Than impious Saturn, or the gorg'd Thiestes :
This cormorant ees, and owns us for his children,
Yet preys upon his entrails, tears his bowels,
With thirst of blood and hunger fetch'd from hell,

Which famish'd Tantalus would start to think on!
But end, Barbarian, end the horrid vengeance
Which thou so impiously hast begun;
Perfect thy justice, as thou, tyrant, call'st it;
Sit like a fury on thy black tribunal,
Grasp with thy monstrous hands these gory heads,
And let thy flatt'ring orators adore thee
For triumphs which shall make thee smile at horror!

Brut. Lead to the senate.

Tib. Go then to the senate,
There make thy boast how thou hast doom'd thy children
To forks and whips, for which the Gods reward thee:
Away! my spirit scorns more conference with thee.
The axe will be as laughter; but the whips
That drew these stains, for this I beg the Gods
With my last breath, for every drop that falls
From these vile wounds, to thunder curses on thee. [*Exit.*

Brut. Valerius, haste; the senate does attend us. [*Exit.*

Titus. Valerius, ere you go, let me conjure thee
By all the earth holds great or honourable,
As thou art truly Roman, stamp a man,
Grant to thy dying Titus one request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
Of dying yet; for much I dare confide
In that sad company that's gone before:
I know they'll move him to preserve his Titus;
For, though you mark'd him not, as hence he parted,
I could perceive with joy a silent shower
Run down his silver beard, therefore have hope.

Titus. Hope, say'st thou! Oh the Gods! What, hope of
life?

To live, to live—and after this dishonour!
No, my Valerius, do not make me rave;

But if thou hast a soul that's sensible,
Let me conjure thee, when we reach the senate,
To thrust me through the heart.

Val. Not for the world.

Titus. Do't, or I swear thou hast no friendship for me.
First, thou wilt save me from the hated axe,
The hangman's hand; for by the Gods I tell thee,
Thou may'st as well stop the eternal sun,
And drive him back, as turn my father's purpose:
Next, and what most my soul intreats thee for,
I shall perhaps in death procure his pity;
For to die thus, beneath his killing frown,
Is damning me before my execution.

Val. 'Tis granted; by the Gods I swear to end thee;
For when I weigh with my more serious thought
Thy father's conduct in this dreadful justice,
I find it is impossible to save thee.
Come then, I'll lead thee, oh thou glorious victim,
Thus to the altar of untimely death,
Thus in thy trim, with all thy bloom of youth,
These virtues on thee, whose eternal spring
Shall blossom on thy monumental marble
With never-fading glory!

Titus. Let me clasp thee,
Boil out my thanks thus with my farewell spirits:
And now away; the taper's almost out,
Never, Valerius to be kindled more:
Or if it be, my friend, it shall continue,
Burn through all winds against the puff of fortune.
'To dazzle still, and shine, like the fix'd stars,
With beams of glory that shall last for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate.

Brut. Health to the senate! To the fathers hail!
 Jupiter, Horscius, and Diespiter,
 Hospital and Feretrian, Jove the stayer,
 With all the hundred Gods and Goddesses,
 Guard and defend the liberty of Rome!
 It has been found a famous truth in story,
 Left by the ancient sages to their sons,
 That on the change of empires, or of kingdoms,
 Some sudden execution, fierce and great,
 Such as may draw the world to admiration,
 Is necessary to be put in act
 Against the enemies of the present state.
 Had Hector, when the Greeks and Trojans met
 Upon the truce, and mingled with each other,
 Brought to the banquet of those Demi-gods
 The fatal head of that illustrious whore,
 Troy might have stood till now; but that was wanting:
 Jove having from eternity set down
 Rome to be head of all the under-world,
 Rais'd with this thought, and big with prophecy
 Of what vast good may grow by such examples,
 Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful justice:
 I come, O conscript fathers, to a deed
 Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,
 Such as, perhaps, has never yet been found
 In all memorials of former ages,
 Nor ever will again. My sons are traitors,
 Their tongues and hands are witnesses confest;

Therefore I have already pass'd their sentence,
And wait with you to see their execution.

Hor. Consul, the senate does not ask their deaths;
They are content with what's already done,
And all intreat you to remit the axe.

Brut. I thank you, fathers, but refuse the offer.
By the assaulted majesty of Rome,
I swear there is no way to quit the grace,
To right the Commonwealth, and thank the Gods,
But by the sacrificing of my bowels:
Take then, you sad revengers of the public,
These traitors hence; strike off their heads, and then
My sons. No more: their doom is past. Away.
Thus shall we stop the mouth of loud sedition;
Thus show the difference betwixt the sway
Of partial tyrants, and of a free-born people,
Where no man shall offend because he's great,
Where none need doubt his wife's or daughter's honour,
Where all enjoy their own without suspicion,
Where there's no innovation of religion,
No change of laws, nor breach of privilege,
No desperate factions gaping for rebellion,
No hopes of pardon for assassins,
No rash advancements of the base or stranger,
For luxury, for wit, or glorious vice;
But, on the contrary, a balanc'd trade,
Patriots encourag'd, manufactures cherish'd;
Vagabonds, walkers, drones, and swarming braves,
The froth of states, scumm'd from the Commonwealth;
Idleness banish'd, all excess repress'd,
And riots check'd by sumptuary laws.
Oh conscript fathers! 'tis on these foundations
That Rome shall build her empire to the stars,

Send her commanders with her armies forth,
To tame the world, and give the nations law;
Consuls, proconsuls, who to the capitol
Shall ride upon the necks of conquer'd kings,
And when they die, mount from the gorgeous pile
In flames of spice, and mingle with the Gods.

Hor. Excellent Brutus! All the senate thank thee,
And say, that thou thyself art half a God.

*Enter SEMPRONIA, TERAMINTA, with the rest of the
Mourners; TITUS, VALERIUS, and JUNIUS.*

Semp. Gone, gone, to death! Already sentenc'd! doom'd
To lose the light of this dear world for ever!
What, my Tiberius too! Ah, barbarous Brutus!
Send, haste, revoke the order of their fate.
By all the pledges of our marriage bed,
If thou, inhuman judge, has left me one
To put thee yet in mind thou art a father—
Speak to him! O ye mothers of sad Rome,
Sisters and daughters, ere the execution
Of all your blood, haste, haste, and run about him,
Groan, sob, howl out the terrors of your souls!
Nay, fly upon him like robb'd savages,
And tear him for your young.

Brut. Away, and leave me.

Semp. Or if you think it better for your purpose,
Because he has the power of life and death,
Intreat him thus: Throw all your heartless breasts
Low at his feet, and like a God adore him:
Nay, make a rampire round him with your bodies,
And block him up: I see he would be going;
Yet that's a sign that our complaints have mov'd him:
Continu'd falls of ever-streaming tears,

Such, and so many, and the chastest too
Of all the pious matrons throughout Rome,
Perhaps may melt this adamantine temper.
Not yet! Nay, hang your bodies then upon him,
Some on his arms and some upon his knees,
And lay this innocent about his neck,
This little smiling image of his father:
See how he bends, and stretches to his bosom!
Oh all you pitying Pow'rs—the darling weeps!
His pretty eyes, ruddy and wet with tears,
Like two burst cherries rolling in a storm,
Plead for our griefs more than a thousand tongues.

Jun. Yes, yes, my father will be good to us,
And spare my brothers; oh, I know he will:
Why, do you think he ever was in earnest?
What, to cut off their heads? I warrant you
He will not; no, he only meant to fright 'em,
As he will me, when I have done a fault:
Why, mother, he has whipt 'em for't already.
And do you think he has the heart to kill 'em?
No, no, he would not cut their little fingers
For all the world; or if he should I'm sure
The Gods would pay him for't.

Brut. What ho! Without there?
Slaves, villains, ha!—Are not my orders heard?

Hor. Oh Brutus, see they are too well perform'd!
See here the bodies of the Roman youth
All headless by your doom, and there Tiberius.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid slaughter,
This cutting off one limb from your own body,
Is't not enough? Oh will it not suffice
To stop the mouth of the most bloody law?
Oh, it were highest sin to make a doubt,

To ask you now to save the innocent Titus,
The common wish and general petition
Of all the Roman senate, matrons, wives,
Widows, and babes; nay, e'en the madding people
Cry out at last that treason is reveng'd,
And ask no more: oh, therefore spare him, Sir!

Brut. I must not hear you: hark, Valerius!

Ter. By all these wounds upon my virgin breast,
Which I have suffer'd by your cruelty,
Altho' you promis'd Titus to defend me—

Semp. Yet hold thy bloody hand, tyrannic Brutus,
And I'll forgive thee for that headless horror:
Grant me my Titus, O in death I ask thee!
Thou hast already broke Sempronia's heart,
Yet I will pardon that, so Titus live.
Ah, cruel judge! thou pitiless avenger!
What, art thou whisp'ring? Speak the horror out,
For in thy glaring eyes I read a murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy oath, Valerius,
As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
And not a subject for a woman's folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the axe.

Val. It shall be thus then, not the hangman's hand.

[Runs him through; the women shriek.]

Titus. Oh bravely struck! thou hast hit me to the earth
So nobly, that I shall rebound to heaven,
Where I will thank thee for this gallant wound.

[Sempronia swoons.]

Brut. Take hence this woman; haste, and bear her home.
Why, my Valerius, did'st thou rob my justice?

Titus. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in death
I might have leave to pay my last obedience,
And beg your blessing for the other world.

Ter. Oh do not take it, Titus! whate'er comes
From such a monstrous nature must be blasting.
Ah, thou inhuman tyrant! but alas,
I loiter here, when Titus stays for me:
Look here, my love, thou shalt not be before me.

[*Stabs herself.*]

Thus, to thy arms then: oh, make haste, my Titus,
I'm got already in the grove of death;
The heav'n is all benighted, not one star
To light us through the dark and pathless maze:
I have lost thy spirit; oh, I grope about
But cannot find thee: now I sink in shadows. [Dies.]

Titus. I come, thou matchless virtue. Oh my heart!
Farewel, my love, we'll meet in heav'n again!
My lord, I hope your justice is aton'd;
I hope the glorious liberty of Rome,
Thus water'd by the blood of both your sons,
Will get imperial growth, and flourish long.

Brut. Thou hast so nobly borne thyself in dying,
That not to bless thee were to curse myself;
Therefore I give thee thus my last embrace,
Print this last kiss upon thy trembling lips:
And ere thou goest, I beg thee to report me
To the great shades of Romulus and Numa,
Just with that majesty and rugged virtue
Which they inspir'd, and which the world has seen.
So, for I see thou'rt gone, farewel for ever!
Eternal Jove, the King of Gods and men,
Reward and crown thee in the other world!

Titus. What happiness has life to equal this?
By all the Gods I would not live again;
For what can Jove, or all the Gods, give more,
To fall thus crown'd with virtue's fullest charms,
And die thus blest in such a father's arms? [Dies.]

Val. He's gone; the gallant spirit's fled for ever!
How fares this noble vessel, that is robb'd
Of all its wealth, spoil'd of its topmost glory,
And now lies floating in this world of ruin?

Brut. Peace, consul, peace! let us not soil the pomp
Of this majestic fate with woman's brawls.
Kneel, fathers, friends—kneel, all you Roman people,
Hush'd as dead calms, while I conceive a pray'r
That shall be worthy Rome, and worthy Jove.

Val. Inspire him, Gods, and thou, oh Rome, attend!

Brut. Let heav'n and earth for ever keep their bound,
The stars unshaken go their constant round;
In harmless labour be our steel employ'd,
And endless peace through all the world enjoy'd;
Let every bark the waves in safety plough,
No angry tempest curl the ocean's brow,
No darted flames from Heav'n make mortals fear,
Nor thunder fright the weeping passenger;
Let not poor swains for storms at harvest mourn,
But smile to see their hoards of bladed corn:
No dreadful comets threaten from the skies,
No venom fall, nor pois'nous vapours rise.
Thou Jove, who dost the fates of empires doom,
Guard and defend the Liberty of Rome.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARREY.

*No cringing Sir, the Poet's champion I
Have sworn to stand, and ev'ry judge defy;
But why each bullying critic shou'd I name
A judge, whose only business is to damn;
While you your arbitrary fist advance
At wit, and dust it like a boor of France;
Who without shew of reason or pretence
Condemn a man to die for speaking sense;
Howe'er we term'd you once the wise, the strong,
Know, we have borne your impotence too long;
You that above your sires presume to soar,
And are but copies daub'd in miniature;
You that have nothing right in heart nor tongue,
But only to be resolute in wrong;
Who sense affect with such an aukward air,
As if a Frenchman should become severe;
Or an Italian make his wife a jest,
Like Spaniards pleasant, or like Dutchmen drest;
That rank the noblest Poets with the vile,
And look yourselves in a Plebeian style;
But with an oath——
False as your wit and judgment now I swear,
By the known maidenheads of each theatre;
Nay, by my own, the Poet's shall not stand,
Like Shrovetide cocks, the palt of every hand.*

*Let not the purblind critic's sentence pass,
That shoots the Poet through an optic glass;
No peals of ill plac'd praise from galleries come,
Nor punk below to clap or hiss presume;
Let her not cackle at the fops that flout her,
Nor cluck the 'squires that use to pip about her;
No full-blown blockhead, bloated, like an ox,
Travers'd the Pit with "Damme, what a pox!"
Know then, for ev'ry misdemeanour here
I'll be more stabbing, sharp, and more severe,
Than the fell-she that on her keeper comes,
Who in his drink last night laid waste her rooms,
Thunder'd her china, damn'd her quality,
Her glasses broke, and tore her point venie;
That dragg'd her by the hair, and broke her head,
A chamber lion, but a lamb in bed;
Like her I'll tease you for your midnight storming,
For all your talking, and your not performing.
You that with monstrous judgment force the stage,
You fribbling, fumbling keepers of the age.*

7 JUL 62

